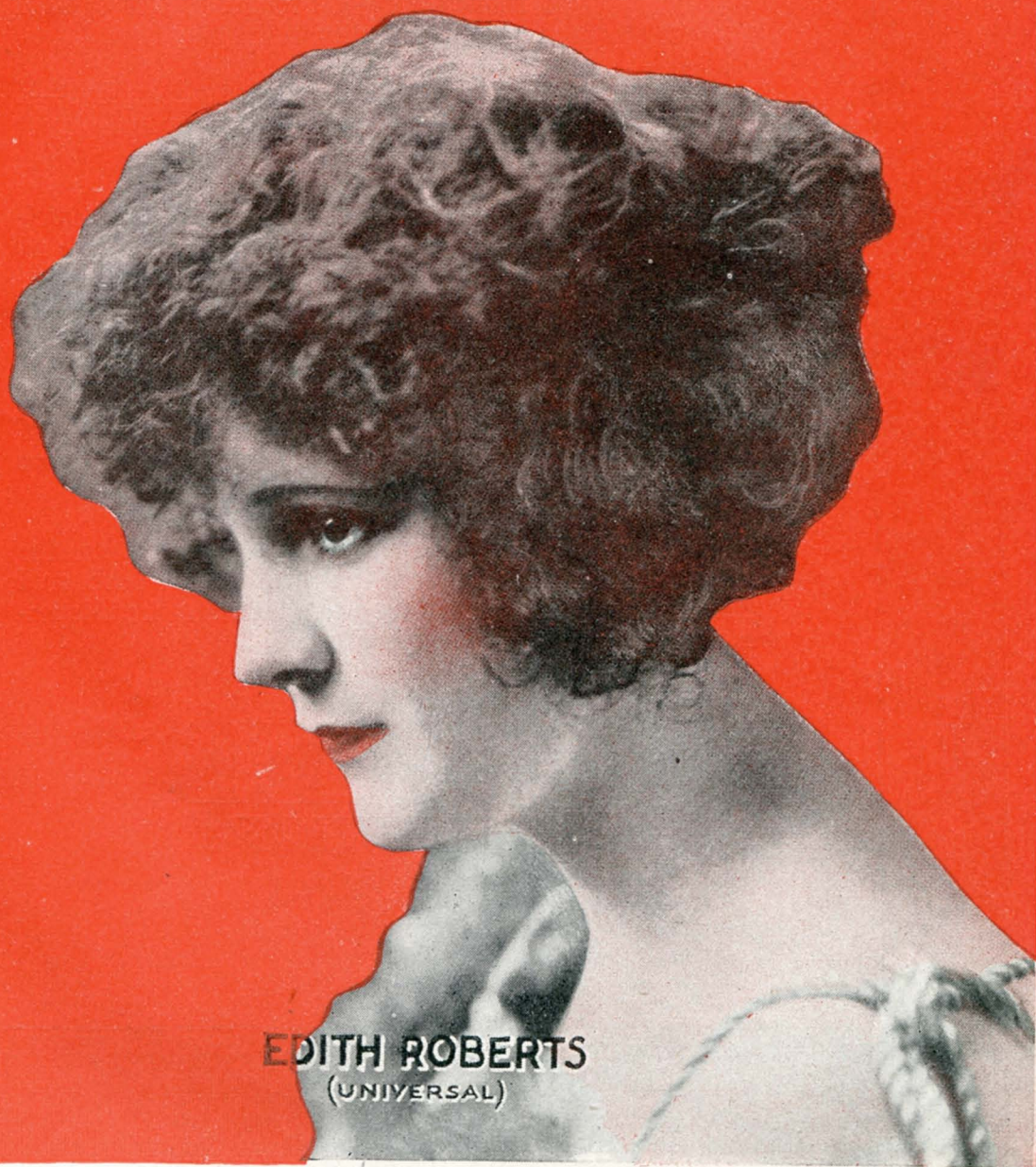


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Vol. X
No. 257
NOV. 30
1917

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PHOTO-PLAYS AND PLAYERS



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DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. X.

NOVEMBER 30, 1917.

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THE PRIDE OF NEW YORK

(Fox Film)

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

ROMANCE lurks in every little old nook and corner of the world, popping up its head in surprising out-of-the-way places. Romance is generally an unexpected, unaccountable quantity.

In New York probably one of the most romantic places is the tip-top of any sky-scraper, if one excepts a swinging girder, the last one to complete a sky-scraper, being hoisted into place with a man astride it. Crowds gather to watch such a performance; they speculate on the danger of the business and admire the hero swinging aloft.

A man like George Walsh, however, whose daily routine work was

with structural iron at dizzy heights, taking perilous chances, thought such situations very commonplace and even considered solid ground more romantic.

One day last spring as this young American contractor was superintending the finishing touches on a structure built by his father he had a feeling of romance. As he was standing on a great girder, swinging two hundred feet above the sidewalk, he looked down at the wondering crowd below and made out the chic form of a young lady in a stunning blue suit. She stood fascinated, watching him, romancing about his perilous everyday life. He suddenly got a notion

of the picture he must make against the blue sky, up on top of the world, and when the huge piece of iron swung into place he stepped off, absent-mindedly, missed the scaffold and nearly dashed to the earth.

A foreman on the scaffold caught his coat, and George managed to cling with one hand to a two-by-four.

Safe for the moment, he glanced down at the cause of his mishap, the girl in blue. She was wringing her hands frantically and looking up to heaven, a prayer for his safety moving her lips. He could see her features from the twenty-story height, cut like a miniature, a thing he had never noticed before, always thinking

of the diminutive people below him as crawling, struggling ants.

In an instant he had swung his muscular body to the edge of the scaffold and dragged himself to safety.

"Narrow escape," said the foreman gruffly.

"Confound it! I was looking at a girl," smiled Walsh.

"That ain't a safe thing to do at this height," answered the foreman.

"I know it now; but I never saw anybody's features stand out as clear as hers did. I'll bet you I could rec-

"Maybe she's going to climb up here to congratulate you on coming so near to breaking your neck."

"By gracious, I wonder if she is?" Walsh saw the big girder settled in its place and then descended as quickly as possible to see if he could get a glimpse of the girl whose features were photographed on his mind.

As he went down in the swiftly moving construction elevator he thought he caught sight of her in the street, but could not be sure. On reaching the first floor, however, he found her gone.

the entrance and looked up and down the crowded street, but the girl in blue had been swallowed up by the crowd and was nowhere in sight.

As he turned back a dazzling bit of white among the rubbish caught his eye. He stooped and picked it up. It was a dainty lady's kid glove, looking so strange among the trash accumulated in the immense contracting achievement. He stood holding the delicate white glove in his big rough palm, turning it over curiously and finally putting it in his breast pocket a little self-consciously as the foreman called to him:

"She dropped that, Mr. Walsh. I called after her, but she seemed to be in a hurry."

"Didn't leave her address or anything, did she?" Walsh asked lightly, endeavoring to make a joke of the affair.

"No, nothing like that," grinned the contractor's curious watchman. "She certainly was a good-looker."

"Yes," answered Walsh. "I never saw a face that appealed to me so much as hers did."

"How did you see her?"

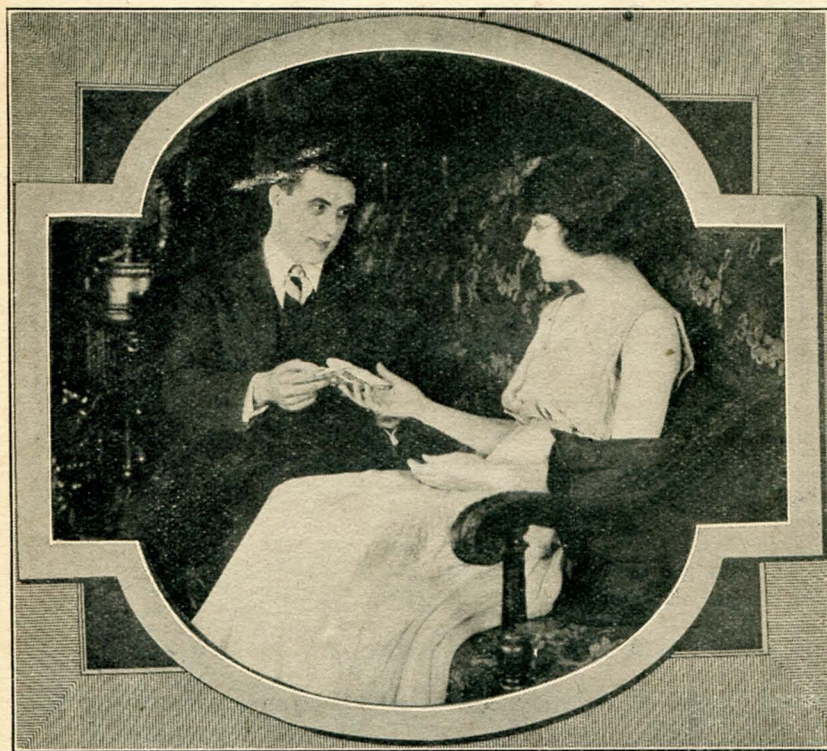
"Picked her face out in the crowd."

"Twenty stories up?" asked the watchman incredulously.

"Yes, sir," answered Walsh with satisfaction, washing up at a nearby sink and leaving the job.

As soon as he was alone in a neighboring café he drew out the diminutive glove and caressed it between his fingers. He dreamed over it and then examined it critically. It was the most romantic little glove he had ever seen. It was made by a well-known glove-maker for a slender, tapering, yet capable hand; as he stretched out the kid fingers he could almost imagine the form of the charming hand that had so recently worn it.

"I wonder how I can find out who she is?" he asked himself, turning the glove over and over. "She probably won't come to the building any more. After her fright to-day she probably thinks she made herself foolish. Besides, the last girder is in place, and I've got to go to France next week. The time is a little too short for comfort."



"Your glove," he said, when they were seated on a divan together.

ognize her if I saw her again," said Walsh musingly.

"I'll bet you couldn't," answered the foreman. "Which one was she, Mr. Walsh?"

"The girl in blue," he answered, looking down and pointing. "There she goes. She's running into the building."

"You made a hit with her all right," smiled the foreman.

"I guess she thinks I'm still in danger," agreed Walsh.

"The young lady!" he called to the watchman. "Is she gone?"

"Yes, I chased her," answered the watchman. "She wanted to go up in the elevator and see if you were all right. Said she'd been watching you for two weeks and was afraid you'd fall."

"She did?" remarked Walsh musingly. "Was she dressed in blue?"

"Yes; that's the young lady. She just left."

Walsh ran through the debris to

As he turned the glove over he saw on the inside the following diminutive code written on the kid in black ink: "E. E.—1050."

"The cleaner's mark!" he cried enthusiastically. "Thank goodness she's economical enough to have her gloves cleaned in these war times, instead of throwing them away extravagantly." He thought for a moment and then jumped into a taxi and rode to a cleaner's on Fifth avenue. Inside the shop he asked what cleaner used the kind of mark on the inside of the glove, and was given an address uptown.

At this shop, after some explanation, he obtained the name of the owner of the glove as "Constance Hilborn," and her address in the seventies.

Dashing to his room, he changed into more appropriate clothes, and found that he still had time for an afternoon call on the girl in blue. Luckily he found her in, and in an instant they recognized each other.

"Your glove," he said, when they were seated on a divan together. "I found it just half an hour ago."

"And how did you know it was mine? How did you find me?" asked Miss Hilborn wonderingly.

He explained about the cleaner's mark and its quick results.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I do admire men with that sort of ingenuity. You are so different from the men I know, so self-reliant, so resourceful. I am sure any other man of my acquaintance would have kept the glove in his room as a souvenir, and never been able to find out who it belonged to."

"But I had to find out. I wanted to know you. The time was so short," said Walsh.

"How do you mean?"

"I am going 'over there' next week, and as I nearly lost my life looking at you from the girder to-day, I thought I'd have to make my life worth while by at least meeting you."

"You mean you saw me from that dizzy height? Why, it's twenty stories."

"I never saw any one so clearly in my life. But it was your blue suit

that attracted me. I'm sorry you have changed it already."

"I shall always take pleasure in wearing that blue suit after this," she smiled, "but I hope nobody will fall off a sky-scraper again looking at it."

"So do I," agreed Walsh.

"It must be marvelous to work way up there," she went on glowingly. "All the men I know live such stupid lives; they are brokers, architects, interior decorators, men playing at business, none of them knowing anything about real outdoor work,

picked up his cap and extended his hand.

"Your taste in men is very capricious, Constance," remarked Steele, frowning at Walsh, who seemed much too full of normal, animal manhood to appeal to the overcultured, hot-house-bred scion of a rich family.

"Not as bad as your manners, I hope," smiled Walsh, still extending his hand quizzically.

Constance looked at Steele, and Walsh knew from her look that the two were engaged and he was *de trop*; with a gentle pressure of her



"Not as bad as your manners, I hope," smiled Walsh.

the kind that makes a real man, not a tailor's model."

At that moment the butler opened the door and announced:

"Mr. Wilbur Steele."

A handsomely groomed young man sauntered nonchalantly into the room, twisting his mustache and looking curiously at Walsh from beneath heavy eyebrows.

"Oh, Wilbur!" cried Constance Hilborn, rising, "I want you to meet Mr. Walsh, a real man, who does things."

"Awfully glad to know you." Steele forced a smile, folded his arms and stood looking critically at Walsh, while the good-natured young contractor

hand he bade her good-by, thrilling inwardly as she asked him to call again.

On reaching home he found an order from his military company summoning him at once to a transport lying in the harbor. In the hurried preparations he made he forgot everything but the little girl in blue. But before the boat steamed out of the harbor he posted a little note saying that perhaps he would never see her again, and that in view of Steele it would be better if he never did.

All during the exciting ocean passage the thought of Constance was

with him. He had known many girls, but none like her, and it seemed strange that they should have been attracted to each other through twenty stories of space.

He did his soldierly duty and made friends among the men, but his chief pleasure was dreaming at night, or when he was off duty, of the girl who had made life an entirely different place for him. He felt somehow that Fate had been unkind in calling him away before he had a chance to really know Constance, yet he told himself philosophically that perhaps it was all for the best.

Several times he heard of Wilbur Steele in the trenches. Steele had a commission as an officer and was well known and fairly well disliked by the men of the line. Walsh was grateful to be defending another line, far from the young officer who had been so rude.

For weeks he fought courageously, and then a chance shell laid him low, and he was invalided back to a hospital somewhere in France, where he slowly convalesced.

As he sat up for the first time, a number of fresh American nurses arrived, and he caught sight of a familiar figure through his doorway. He caught his breath sharply, and the attending nurse asked if there was anything the matter with him.

"Will you find out who that new nurse is?" asked Walsh, motioning to-

ward the door, where the new nurses were passing.

"Which one?" asked the nurse.

"The one with the trimmest uniform and the heavenly eyes. Find out if she is Miss——"

As he spoke she came through the

She stood pressing his palms together nervously for a moment, and then glanced hastily over her shoulder.

Walsh followed her gaze, and saw Wilbur Steele approaching, swinging a swagger-stick jauntily, dressed in a spotless uniform. He gave one look at Walsh and took Constance's arm with an air of protection.

"So we meet again," he smiled to Walsh, "under even more favorable conditions."

Walsh's good nature was not enough to keep him from hating the dapper little officer of whom he had heard so much.

"I wouldn't be here unless I had to be!" he answered in a measured tone. "I'm well now. Next week I will leave; it will be good to be back at the front in the trenches."

"Not yet!" cried Constance in alarm.

"Anyway, I wish you luck," said Steele, starting to lead Constance from the invalid chair.

At that instant there was a great explosion and a violent crash. Dust and splinters flew in every direction.

It seemed that the

whole hospital roof had tumbled in. Steele staggered back in terror, Constance stood her ground, dazed, and Walsh lurched forward in his chair.

"An airship raid!" cried Steele, showing the white feather and running for the door. "Constance, run for your life!" he called back to her.



"Turn those heavenly eyes this way a second," implored Walsh

door, her face changed strangely, sweetly saddened.

"Constance!" cried Walsh.

She turned to him, and her eyes lighted gloriously.

"You here!" she cried.

"Yes." He caught her hands impulsively.

"There's a bomb-proof cellar beneath."

"What about the helpless invalids?" she cried.

"Oh, they can take care of themselves. They're wounded, anyway. It's foolish to——"

Crash! Another bomb struck the ground outside, shattering to splinters every window-pane in the building.

Steele staggered back, his face livid with fear. Nurses were rushing about frantically, trying to do something to protect the lives of the men they had courageously nursed back to health.

Constance caught the spirit of the moment and wheeled Walsh's chair toward an incline to the bomb-proof cellar, down which the wounded soldiers were being rushed by the cool-headed nurses.

Walsh tried to stagger to his feet, to help Constance to a place of safety, but he was still too weak. She forced him back and cried to Steele: "Help me! He will hurt himself!"

A third bomb exploded near the building. Steele, in a panic, dashed down the incline to the sub cellar, regardless of everything but his own safety. Constance managed to wheel her invalid to the cellar, and after a

few fearsome moments a report came that the raiders had passed, leaving slight damage in their wake.

For the first time Wilbur Steele moved from the car corner where he had been hiding during the raid. He approached Constance and said in a tone of confidence:

"Come, dear, it's all over now. Come up and meet the head nurse."

Constance looked him squarely in the eyes and did not answer a word.

"You mean you are not coming with me?" he asked.

"No. I have found a place to stay, a place where I am needed."

"Here?" cried Steele, frowning down at George Walsh, who was raging impatiently at his impotence to do anything in the situation.

"Yes, at his side, until he is well," cried Constance, stepping to Walsh's side and taking his hand protectingly.

"And then——"

"I don't know what I shall do then."

"You shall marry me!" cried Walsh, his eyes blazing; he clenched his fist and leaned forward in the wheelchair, looking menacingly at Steele, who flushed and shrugged his shoulders.

Constance hung her head and made

no reply; Steele slapped his puttees with his swagger-stick and strutted out of the cellar.

During the following days he tried to reinstate himself in Constance's affections, but she was dead to him. Her whole thought was George Walsh and nursing him back to health.

On the day that he stood beside her in his uniform, completely recovered, she joined hands with him and plighted her troth.

"You almost made me lose my life that day on the sky-scraper," said George, squeezing the little hands he had learned to love through the lost glove. "But you certainly made up for it by more than saving my life in the hospital."

"How do you mean, more than saving your life?" asked Constance.

"You've made my life happy into the bargain."

She turned her head from him and held his hands close. "If it hadn't been for the hope of meeting you I would never have come across."

"You darling, turn those heavenly eyes this way a second," implored Walsh.

And when she did he kissed them, both of them many times.

THE WINGED MYSTERY

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(Bluebird Film)

SCENARIO BY WILLIAM PARKER

PRODUCED BY JOSEPH DE GRASSE

By MONTANYE PERRY

Cast of Characters:

<i>Louis Courval</i>	} <i>Franklyn Farnum</i>	<i>Lucille</i>	<i>Claire Du Brey</i>
<i>August Courval</i>		<i>Madeline</i>	<i>Rosemary Theby</i>

"A H, you are here, true to your promise!" exclaimed August Courval.

"Did you doubt that I would be?" asked Lucille with a playfully injured air.

"It's not you I doubt, but myself," quickly explained August, offering his arm and turning toward the open country. "With my uniform of a private soldier, my American accent, my humble position in Berlin—how can I hope for your continued friendship

with all these handicaps? You associate with officers, diplomats, high officials. How can I hope that you will continue to risk so much for my sake. I am only a——"

"Only a man, a mere man," interrupted Lucille. "I am glad to see you so humble, sir, and I shall do my best to keep you so, but do not think that officers with their gold lace nor diplomats with their smooth ways nor high officials with their overbearing manners can keep me from a man,

even an unknown obscure man, if I choose to see him."

August kissed her hand. For some moments they strolled on in silence under the lindens and the starlight. "Then I may hope to see you often?" he murmured.

"Unfortunately, no," she replied. "To-morrow I leave Berlin."

"You—you are leaving the city?" asked August dazedly.

"Yes, I have no choice in the matter. A messenger was needed and the

general has done me the honor to select me."

"The general!" exclaimed August. "Surely they do not expect women to carry military messages!"

"Oh, yes, they do!" declared Lucille. "Secrets, too; secrets they dare not entrust to me."

"That's strange," said August.

"Why strange?" argued Lucille. "Don't men tell all they know?"

August stiffened a little. "Men are not in the habit of imparting secrets

couldn't imagine her getting anything out of me. It takes a woman to meet a woman."

"You're right, of course," admitted August.

"Well, that's why the general is sending me to America," said Lucille.

"To America!" exclaimed August; "you're going to America?"

"To-morrow."

"But, my dear, I can't let you go. Berlin would be intolerably lonely without you. Besides, you cannot go

like Madeline Wayne and her father. Even my thrashing him in the café last night because he objected to standing and having his friends stand when our German officers entered has had no effect. He is furious."

"Strange that two brothers could be so unlike," said Lucille. "Twins, too, and you look so much alike. But Louis has his passport, nevertheless, and he leaves to-morrow."

"He shall not go with you!" declared August. "If either of us goes, I shall go!"

"But you can't; you are in the army. It is too late to arrange for a leave of absence. You could not get a passport. What excuse could you give?"

In spite of the difficulties which she so rapidly enumerated, Lucille's enticing look was well calculated to blind him to them. August took her in his arms. "When I look into those eyes of yours I have no kin, no country," he declared. "You are everything to me. I shall go with you, if you'll let me, regardless of everything."

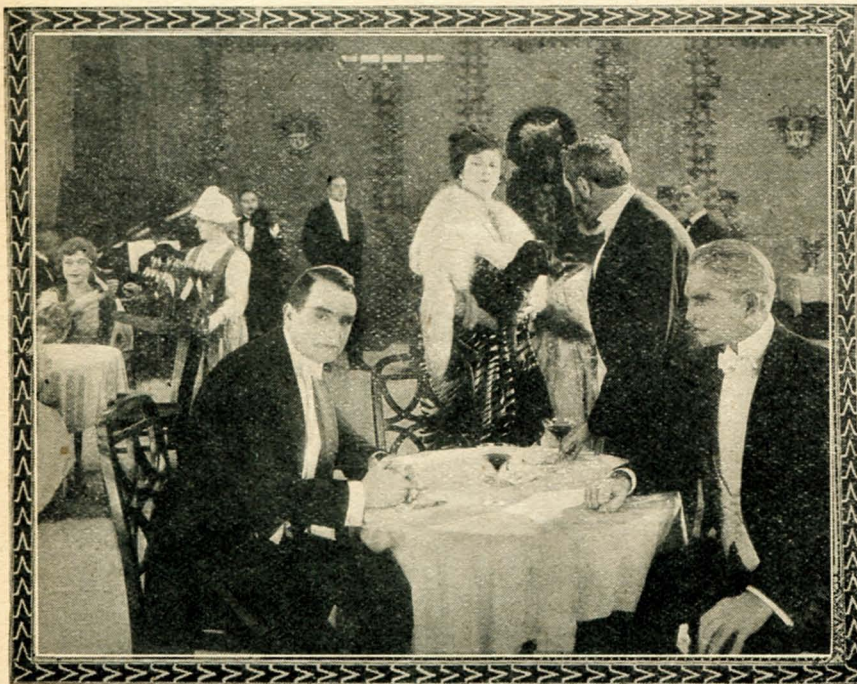
"What a man!" laughed Lucille. "Call a carriage. Send me home quickly. Since you are planning to desert, I must not run the risk of being seen with you."

The next morning Lucille, in a dark traveling gown, set down her coffee-cup nervously as her eye fell upon a headline in the newspaper. Hurriedly she read.

"The twin brothers Courval, who recently quarreled in the Café den Linden over the question of the respect due to a German military officer, evidently renewed their altercation at their apartment last evening. One of them was found in a dying condition and the other has disappeared."

"The authorities are at a loss to know which is which, because of the remarkable similarity of the two men."

"The Courvals were born in America. Their father was German and their mother an American. At the outbreak of the war they were touring in Germany. One of them, August, enlisted in the German army. The other, Louis, immediately applied for a passport to leave the country. He is said to have expressed the belief that America would eventually



August she had seen only once. That was at the Café den Linden in Berlin, the night of the quarrel.

which have been entrusted to them, I believe—particularly soldiers."

"Oh, no; it isn't a habit; but, for instance, you have told me many things about America."

"That's different."

"Of course it is, dear. You wouldn't tell anybody else. But suppose a designing woman like, for instance, that friend of your brother, Madeline Wayne, should make up her mind to learn secrets from Louis, if he had any?"

"She could wind Louis around her finger," sneered August.

"Of course she could. But you

alone—some one is going with you?" Jealously, August awaited her explanation.

Lucille's black eyes looked out at him roguishly from under their long, dark lashes. "I am traveling alone," she said, "but your brother Louis will be on the same ship."

August shrugged his shoulders. "I am not afraid of that," he replied. "He had not the sense to enlist in the German army as I did at the outbreak of the war. For a year he has been trying to secure a passport, without success. He is too American. He insists on associating with Americans,

become involved in the war. The application was pending for nearly a year, as the authorities had reason to believe that the applicant might be a German subject. His nationality was at last established as American and the passport was issued yesterday."

Making a strong effort to control her emotions, Lucille looked about the room. Save for the admiring glances which a beautiful woman always attracts, she believed herself unobserved. She slipped out of the room and stepped into a carriage.

"What a deadly bore these house parties would be if it were not for the one or two people whom you really care for!" exclaimed Madeline Wayne.

"Who is the other one?" asked her companion playfully.

"Your experience in Europe should have reduced that conceit of yours!" declared Madeline.

"It might, if you had not been kinder than official Germany," he replied.

"Wasn't it terrible waiting for passports? It was almost as bad as waiting for something interesting to happen at a house party," yawned Madeline.

A maid approached at the moment. "The guests are asked if they will please gather in the reception-room," she announced.

Mrs. Raymond, the hostess, wore a puzzled look as she addressed her guests. "I have a message inviting us all to a mystery supper," she said. "The writing is in a hand that I do not know. It is signed 'Rex, Man of Mystery.' I cannot explain it at all, but it sounds interesting, and enough cars for the party have been sent with the invitation. They are waiting outside. What do you say—shall we go?"

"Certainly!" chorused her guests.

Wraps were brought and in a few moments the cars sped away. Madeline and her companion chanced to occupy a limousine with Mrs. Raymond. "Do you really mean to say that you don't know where we are going?" asked Madeline.

"I haven't the least idea," replied

the hostess. "The invitation must have come from some friend, of course, but I cannot think who it could be. I wonder where we are?"

They all looked out. In the distance the lights of the city were disappearing. They were off the highway, as was apparent from the swaying of the car, but the chauffeur was speeding on. As they looked they swung into a roadway darkened by trees which arched overhead. An owl, disturbed by the approach of the motors, hooted dismally. "Oo-oo! it's mysterious enough—do you suppose it's all right, Louis?" asked Madeline.

"It must be, of course," replied her escort, "but it's a queer place to bring a company at this time of night. I wish I knew the country so I could tell where we were."

Mile after mile they traveled, the roads becoming rougher as they advanced. They traversed deep forests, climbed to the bald crests of barren hills, crossed brawling streams. At last they drew up before a dark and silent house set deep among the pines.

Silently the guests alighted and gathered before the massive front doors. Madeline was the first to speak. "If I can find a bell I'm going to ring it!" she declared. "Awfully inhospitable of them not to have a light and not ever a servant to greet us. Oh, here's a knocker."

Before she could raise it there came a shout from Louis: "Hey, you chauffeurs, aren't you going to wait to take us home?"

Everybody looked. At the point where the cars had stopped, the driveway sloped downward. After his passengers had left, each chauffeur had simply released his brakes and coasted down the incline. The last machine was even then disappearing without a sound in the blackness of the forest. "I don't like this," said Louis to Madeline. "I asked the chauffeur where we were going before we left the Raymond house and he said he didn't know, they were all going to follow the leader."

Madeline reached for the knocker again. "I'm going to find out if there's anybody home, anyhow!" she said.

But the door swung open before she

could lay her hand upon it. Four silent footmen in black livery stood solemnly by as the party entered.

The interior of the house was somber and it smelled musty, as though it had been closed for many years. It was lighted only by candles and the flickering flames of wood fires burning in open grates. No familiar face appeared. The footmen were funereal in their austerity.

"I don't like this," again said Louis, moving toward the door.

His way was barred by one of the attendants. Louis attempted to brush him aside, but the man was immovable. "What's the idea?" demanded Louis. "Let me out!"

"Not until the master bids," said the man in a hollow voice.

"To thunder with your master!" shouted Louis; "we are not prisoners, you know." Again he tried to thrust the footman aside. Instantly two others set upon him. His arms were pinioned and he was carried, struggling, from the room.

It was over before any of the other men could act, even if they had been inclined to do so. But with the exception of Madeline they all felt that the whole affair was a part of Mrs. Raymond's entertainment, cleverly planned and carried out to the last detail. They huddled together, laughing a bit nervously but still enjoying the novelty of the occasion.

The return of Louis, a bit muddled up but smiling and debonair, set them at ease again. They pressed about him asking what he had seen, but sliding doors at the end of the hall opened at the moment, revealing the supper-room. Hungry after their long trip, the guests were more willing to wait for news than for food. With noisy chatter they stormed the table.

Louis offered Madeline his arm. As her hand touched it she drew back. He noticed it, and asked, smiling: "Anything the matter?"

"I—I had a feeling that—well, no wonder. This whole affair is so eerie." Without explaining she slipped her arm through his and they took their places.

But all through the meal she stole sideward glances at the man beside

her. Was it Louis? August she had seen only once. That was at the Café den Linden in Berlin, the night of the quarrel.

"What do you hear from your brother," she asked, "the one who looks so wonderfully like you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I do not hear," he replied; "he took an unfair advantage of me that night in Berlin. By the way, did you ever see anything about it in the papers?"

He watched her narrowly as she replied. "No," said Madeline. "You know we left the next day, the same time you did."

"Surely I wouldn't forget that," he said tenderly, "since I had the joy of a voyage across the ocean with you."

For the moment Madeline's feeling of uncertainty concerning her companion disappeared. "Our host, 'The Man of Mystery,' seems unnecessarily mysterious," she declared, nodding toward the head of the table. The host's chair was still empty. The guests had been bidden to proceed with the meal, and had done so, but they were all filled with curiosity, frequently expressed.

The last course had been cleared away when a small door behind the vacant chair swung open. A gloriously gowned woman stepped out. Instantly all conversation stopped.

Her hair was luxuriant and black as the walnut panel behind her. What her other features were, none could tell, for they were covered with a crimson mask.

She laid the tips of her fingers lightly upon the back of the chair, while those at the table waited in breathless silence. "You are welcome, my guests," she said in a calm, hard voice, "welcome to stay, but not to go. This is all a joke—yes, but the joke

is on you. You are all to remain my guests until your good friends send money for your ransom."

"This is an outrage!" Madeline heard the man beside her exclaim.

"Keep your seat, young man," commanded the masked woman sternly. "Let there be no misunderstanding. Any one who starts trouble does so at his peril."

"But how—how are our friends to

not—" The shrug of the shoulders with which she concluded was still more ominous than her words.

"The Man of Mystery" appears to be a woman," remarked Madeline's companion as their dark-haired captor disappeared through the narrow door. Something in his tone again gave her that strange feeling of doubt and distrust which she had felt at times ever since his return after his capture by the guards.

Furtively she studied him at each stolen opportunity.

She thought about it all through the fearful night of dread in which anxiety and fear prevented rest in spite of physical comforts freely provided.

Her conclusion, reached in the gray dawn as the crimson of the rising sun was but just visible behind the blackness of the pines outside her window, was that the man was Louis, but that Louis was a scoundrel who, from the first day when they had met in Germany, had been plotting this wholesale robbery.

After breakfast, when they were alone among the bookshelves in the library, she accused him to his face. He crimsoned, stammered, at last confessed. "Yes, I planned this kidnaping," he said, "but I did it for you."

"For me!" she cried. "You wretch, how dare you connect me with you crime!"

"You must understand," he pleaded. "Ever since I met you I have loved you. But a man cannot offer

marriage without money—not in America at least. I love you—I adore you. I have done this to secure money so that I might marry you."

Madeline's mind was working rapidly. At once she saw that she must not spurn him, even though she loathed him. "But this masked woman," she said, "who is she?"

"An adventuress, a desperate wom-



Just at that instant a detective climbed over the rail of a balcony outside.

know?" quavered Mrs. Raymond, in tears.

"It's a very neat arrangement," replied the woman. "I worked it out myself and I'm rather proud of it. I don't mind telling you. I have sent to a number of worthy and opulent friends of yours a carrier pigeon and a note explaining the situation. If they come across, well and good. If

an," he replied; "do not trouble your mind about her. She is but a tool."

"Are you sure?" Madeline looked him straight in the eye. He took her clasped hands in his, pressed them to his lips and was about to reply when she felt herself seized roughly from behind. As she was torn from him she saw his jaw drop in genuine consternation. Twisting in the arms of her captor, she observed, at a door in the opposite side of the room, Lucille, a fury in human form. Then a blind-fold tightened across her eyes and, fainting, she was carried up a long flight of steps.

A man's voice aroused her from her stupor. Feebly she opened her eyes. It was the real Louis, still in evening clothes, manacled against a wall.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Madeline sat up dazedly, then rose and went to him. "How long have you been here?" she asked.

"Ever since the guards took me—you saw them," he replied in a voice weak from weariness.

"But I thought you returned," she said.

"It was August," replied Louis. "He said he thought he had killed me in Germany. I told you on the ship I had met with an accident. It wasn't an accident, it was August. Now he says he will finish me. If I could fight I would not be afraid, but again he has taken an unfair advantage."

In the distance the drumming of a motor with an open exhaust became audible. "Listen!" said Madeline, opening a window.

For a few moments she stood on tiptoe, scanning the horizon while the sound came nearer. "It's too loud for an automobile," she said presently. "It must be—it is an aeroplane. I believe — Oh, Louis! it's following some pigeons and they are coming this way. The masked woman told us she was using carrier pigeons. Papa must have consulted Reeves, our detective, and Reeves has sent an airman to follow them."

Before the flying-machine reached their prison, Madeline saw the birds which it was following suddenly take fright and shoot in among the treetops. Louis saw it, too, and groaned.

"Now they will never find us," he said.

The aeroplane circled about for a time, then the hum of the motor grew fainter and fainter as it flew back toward the city.

"At least I've learned two things," said Madeline, leaning out of the window again. "Now I know which way the city lies, and I know that there's a vine growing on the wall which, together with the leader, will take me to the ground."

"But you must not attempt that!" cried Louis in alarm. "You might be killed."

"Never fear," replied Madeline. "I've done far more dangerous things just for sport. Now don't look!"

Louis closed his eyes as she climbed out of the window. Two hours of suspense followed, but sooner than he thought it possible for her to bring help he heard from below the sounds of a quick, sharp struggle in which a number of shots were fired.

August came bursting in and unlocked his shackles. "You win," he said; "that clever American sweetheart of yours has outwitted us. Go ahead; I'll take my medicine."

As fast as his cramped limbs would carry him, Louis hobbled down the stairs. Hearing Madeline's voice, he rushed into the room where she was. She was lying on the floor, evidently exhausted or injured, and standing over her, defiant and sinister, was Lucille.

Just at that instant a detective climbed over the rail of a balcony outside. Lucille shrank back against the door. "Don't move, either of you!" commanded the officer. "You, sir, are——"

"August Courval; he's your man!" said Lucille coolly.

"And who are you?" asked the detective.

"One of the captured guests," replied Lucille, glancing quickly at Madeline and seeing she was unconscious. "You will find Louis manacled in the attic."

The detective handcuffed the real Louis and, following Lucille, found August, who had taken his brother's place in the irons.

Without comment the officer took

them all downstairs. Sending Mrs. Raymond back to care for Madeline, he began making arrangements to take them all to the city.

Louis saw that some ransom money had been brought in by the pigeons. It was on a table near the door. He noticed also that August kept a covetous eye upon it.

Near the table stood a chauffeur. Suddenly he grabbed the money and made a dash for his car. August, his face livid with rage, ran after him. He was stopped at the door by the muzzle of a gun.

"All the evidence we need," said the detective with a grin. "The one who is anxious about the cash must be the one who did the job. Put the bracelets on him."

For Louis, there was one other most satisfactory outcome to the affair. Madeline, too weak to sit upright, rode all the way to the city with her head on his shoulder.

A CURE FOR EXPLOSIVENESS.

DIRECTOR EDGAR JONES who is staging the Anita King feature at Balboa, is noted for his explosiveness, particularly when "the world don't go to suit him and things seem upside-down." Pretty ingénues resort to tears when Director Jones becomes emphatic, while the older character people shrug their shoulders and merely move over on the next lot temporarily.

Joe Brotherton, the cameraman of the company, is ordinarily a very patient man in the midst of storm and stress. One afternoon he undertook to illustrate to the doughty director, the effect it has on the balance of the company when the chief goes "straight up."

Affixing a toy balloon under his camera, he waited until the director "cut loose," and quietly removing the black cloth, up shot the balloon like a puff of hot air. Every one saw it. In fact, Joe pulled off the ascension simultaneously with a verbal explosion. The director was momentarily taken off his feet, but catching the drift, he doubled over with laughter at his own expense.

FEAR NOT

Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.
(Butterfly Film)

SCENARIO BY J. G. ALEXANDER AND FRED MYTON

PRODUCED BY ALLEN HOLUBAR

By WILLIAM CURRY

Cast of Characters:

James Mornington.....	Miles McCarthy.....	Mortimer Gildane.....	Joe Girard.....
Hulda Mornington.....	Brownie Vernon.....	Allen Mornington.....	Murdock MacQuarrie.....

"I DON'T know, Shirley," said Doctor Gildane. "That's the phrase I have to use. What is a criminal? Who can say that any man or woman is actually a criminal and not the victim of a disease as specific and as marked in its symptoms as—oh, pneumonia or typhoid fever?"

"I've felt that way very often," said Shirley. The two men were driving

all?" said the older doctor with a rather weary smile. "My dear boy, the world has to be prepared slowly and gradually for revolutionary changes in its treatment of debatable matters. Upset the theory of criminology and what have you left? People can't accept that sort of thing immediately. I believe solemnly and absolutely that the great majority of so-called criminal cases call for a

"But if you're right, can you think of any other considerations?"

"I know, I know! I've been swept by that same thought so often. It's just because I know I'm right that I can act in what must seem to you sometimes a hypocritical fashion. I can associate myself with practises that seem to me utterly damnable; but it's because I feel that I do more good by accepting the conventional views and seeming to condone theories that I utterly refuse to credit. I can save a few poor devils every year—men and women who wouldn't be saved if I put myself beyond the pale by announcing in public my real convictions. I gain a little ground now, a little more later; ultimately we'll win. We'll make the world see things as we do. You're just setting out and you're going to have a brilliant career. You may live to see criminology a modern and exact science; I shall not."

"Hello!" said Shirley suddenly; as he spoke their chauffeur brought the car to a sudden, jerky stop and both doctors leaped out. Just in front of them a boy, running suddenly across the street, had been struck by a motor-car coming in the opposite direction. He lay very still where he had fallen. Already a little crowd was gathering. From a house close by a young girl ran out, wringing her hands.

"You can bring him into our house!" she cried. "Shall I send for a doctor?"

"We are doctors," said Gildane; and then suddenly he recognized the girl. "We'll take care of him, Hulda. This is my young friend and colleague. Doctor Shirley—Miss Hulda Mornington."

But there was no time for ceremony. The injured boy was carried into the house; the curious crowd was



"I think it's an outrage, Mr. Carter!"

in Doctor Gildane's car. Shirley, much the younger of the two, leaned toward his older companion, deeply interested. "But I've never heard any one of standing admit so much," he said. "I've been frowned upon on certain occasions when I expressed my doubts."

"Isn't that rather natural, after

sentence to a hospital, not a jail; I believe crime is the result of disease, of a disordered mind. But what are we to do about it? If I proclaimed my views I'd be put down as a crank and a wild, Utopian dreamer, and I'd lose what little chance I have to accomplish something. I daren't sacrifice my influence in the community."

pushed back by policemen, and in the parlor the two doctors made their examination.

"Shock," said Shirley, rising, and the older man nodded.

"Yes; probably a brain lesion of some sort," he added. "There seems to be no real paralysis. I think he'll be all right with proper rest and care. There are no serious bodily injuries, at any rate."

"Ought we to keep him here?" asked Hulda.

"For a day or two, if you can, I think," said Gildane. "He could probably be moved, but he'll be better off here. Let's see." He frowned, then turned to Shirley. "Shirley, can you look after him? It's just possible that there may be interesting complications, you know. I've got to go out of town to-night, or I'd look after him myself."

Shirley just glanced at Hulda Mornington before he answered.

"I'll be very glad," he said then soberly.

The girl interested him. She was strikingly good-looking in a quiet way, and in her eyes there was a somber look—a hint of tragedy—that intrigued and troubled him. She was young to have such a look; he had seen it before only in the eyes of women old enough to have suffered greatly.

The two doctors conferred for a few moments.

"I think I'll stay right here and keep an eye on the boy until there's some sign of returning consciousness," said Shirley. "It's possible that there'll be something requiring quick attention. If it's a simple concussion, all well enough; but there might be more back of it."

"Yes," Gildane nodded. "I think that will be better. I'll have to get along, but Hulda will make you comfortable." He hesitated. "A charming girl, with a sad history. You know of her father—ex-Judge Mornington."

Shirley started violently.

"Really?" He looked around at the neat but poor and shabby surroundings of the house. "But he was a wealthy man, a famous lawyer and a distinguished judge."

"Until the family weakness assailed

him and started him down-hill," said Gildane with a shrug of the shoulders. "People damn a man like that for drinking or using drugs when the chances are that a slight operation would save them."

Once or twice, indeed, she spoke to him with astonishing frankness.

Allen Mornington took immediately a violent dislike to Shirley.

"I don't think there's any real risk that he'll do anything offensive," she



He broke down and confessed at last.

"I know," Shirley nodded, and shook his head sadly.

So he was left there. He saw Hulda's father, the wreck of superb specimen of manhood; also he saw the sinister figure of Allen Mornington, Judge Mornington's brother and Hulda's uncle, a far more sodden and debased creature than his unfortunate brother, for whose downfall he was in a sense largely responsible.

In that household only Hulda was sane and sweet and clean and normal, and Shirley, observing her closely in the two or three days that followed when the boy lay still and supine, wondered admiringly how she held her poise and her sanity in that terrible atmosphere. He could understand so easily the nature of her thoughts, could explain so readily the isolation of her life; he knew as plainly as if she had told him that she had determined certain things, made up her mind to certain renunciations.

said contemptuously. "He's a coward, of course, as well as a confirmed drug fiend."

He stared at her.

"Oh, you knew!" she cried. "Why should I pretend? Doctor Gildane knows, so many people do; and you, a doctor, wouldn't have to be told. My father and my uncle have been ruined by drugs; they are both addicts of the worst and most hopeless sort. People—oh, people haven't any right to bring children into the world with such a heritage. I shall—I shall never marry."

Shirley caught himself at that. He knew it was absurd for him to be shocked by that statement, that it was ridiculous that it should fill him with an odd and illogical regret. He had known this girl less than three days. Why should he care what her ideas were upon marriage? And yet he did. It was a part of his scientific training to face such facts, to admit

to himself those impulses and ideas which the average man carefully and strenuously denies even to himself. Perhaps Shirley was not in love with Hulda yet, but he was pretty certain that he was not far from being in that state of mind concerning her.

And then the Mornington family disappeared. Within three weeks of his first meeting with them, after Shirley had made a dozen feeble excuses for seeing Hulda, he lost track of her utterly and completely. Suspecting the reason, he still found himself unable to trace them. There was one phase of comfort in her disappearance. She must be, he reasoned, afraid that her resolution never to marry might be in danger from him; she must fear to trust herself in his company, and if that were so there were implications that left him anything but hopeless, especially in view of certain conversations he had held with Gildane, who had long been experimenting with a view to discovering a way of eliminating the hereditary transmission of certain trends and tendencies.

Hulda, as a matter of fact, had taken the affairs of her family into her own hands. Deciding that life in the city made any hope of improvement in her father's health and general condition visionary, she had insisted upon a move to the country, and the family had gone to a small village, where it lived under an assumed name. Here for a time things were brighter.

Judge Mornington made a new and brave effort to control his desire for the drug that had wrecked him, but Allen sneered and growled, and his hatred of Hulda, always lively, grew fairly ferocious. He made little attempt to cover or conceal it; he threatened her openly when she sought to deprive him of drugs, and still she was fairly successful—she accomplished a good deal.

One day she was in the village store, and the loafers who made it their headquarters were baiting a poor old drunkard. She grew furious. The town was a prohibition community; that was one reason she had chosen it. Yet here was this old man, who seemed to be never in a state of sobriety.

"I think it's an outrage, Mr. Carter," she said to the storekeeper. "I—why, I think a man who would sell liquor to an habitual drunkard ought to be killed. He's worse than a murderer."

"Bad words, Miss Hulda," mumbled old Carter. He was rather frightened; there was a terrible intensity about Hulda when her emotions were roused. "Better not let folks hear you talking like that. Might get you into trouble."

"I don't care!" she said defiantly. "I mean it."

But she didn't think of that incident again until a horrible thing happened. She was asleep in the living-room one afternoon, tired out after a bad night with her father. In the next room there was a scuffle. She went in, to see Allen staring down at the dead body of young Doctor Shesgren, who had been in to see her father. In Allen's hand was clutched a bottle of the drug he craved so endlessly. She shrieked and fainted dead away.

And when she recovered it was to find herself under arrest—under arrest for the murder of the doctor.

At last Allen had found a way to give effect to his hatred of her. He had told a story cunningly contrived; he had persuaded Doctor Shesgren, who understood the horrible craving of his system for the drug, to give him a supply. Hulda, who thought he could stop taking the drug by exercising his will-power, had discovered them, and in a mad and insane rage had killed the doctor. So his story ran.

And the people who heard it believed him. They knew of and remembered now Hulda's wild statement in the store. A dozen witnesses had heard that and brought it up against her now, and she had always seemed a queer, sexless creature, unlike other girls—unwilling to mingle with any one or make friends.

Hulda, incredible as it all seemed to her, found herself actually in prison. Her trial approached, and to her horror she found that no one believed her story, and that every one was ready to credit Allen's fantastic and grotesque charge against her. The trial was brief, and at its end

she was convicted and sentenced to death.

For Hulda everything now was like the phantasy of a nightmare. She sank into an apathetic despair. After all, she need not fear death; life had been horrible, death would be a release, no matter how it came. She was on the verge of madness herself by this time, and she was helpless and hopeless when, in accordance with a new practise, she was taken to the city to be examined by Doctor Gildane.

The shock of her meeting with him broke her down utterly. She succumbed to a raging attack of brain fever, and was taken to a private hospital, where Gildane and Shirley took turns in watching her and caring for her. Neither, of course, believed for one moment the mad story that had resulted in her conviction, and it was Shirley who set to work to disprove it. At last he came to her when she was on the road to recovery. She greeted him with a wan smile.

"Doctor Gildane has saved my life so that they can kill me decently and in order, I suppose," she said.

"No!" he cried. "My God, I saw at once what had happened. I worked upon Allen Mornington's fears and upon his madness. He broke down and confessed at last. He is in an insane asylum now. You are free; everything has been arranged."

And then he poured out the story of his love.

"Oh, my dear," she said. "Yes—oh, yes, I love you; but I can't marry you. I shall never be free from the horrible thing my inheritance has cursed me with."

"You're wrong, my darling," said Shirley. "While you were so desperately ill that we didn't know from day to day whether you could live or not, Gildane performed his new operation upon your brain. It was completely and brilliantly successful. There isn't the slightest danger that you will ever succumb to the weakness that wrecked your father and your uncle. Your children, if you have any, will be safe, and so—"

It was hard; it seemed at first that it would be impossible to convince her. But he had his way at last, and his reward for his steadfastness and devotion.

THE FUEL OF LIFE

(Triangle Film)

SCENARIO BY MAUDE REEVES WHITE

By GRACE OPPEN

Cast of Characters:

Angela De Haven.....Belle Bennett Bragdon Brant.....J. Barney Sherry
Bob Spalding.....F. H. Newburg

ANGELA'S fingers dropped nervelessly from the keyboard and she turned squarely around to face her tormentor. Her delicate face was drawn in a spasm of pain and her lips quivered piteously in spite of her efforts to smile indifferently.

"And may I ask, Mr. Brant, just why you are taking the trouble to tell me all these things?" Her tone was cynically polite, but the look in her blue eyes reminded Brant somehow of the look in the eyes of a fawn he had once pursued and cornered on one of his Canadian hunting trips.

"I am telling you, Angela, because I can no longer bear to see you wasting your sweet loveliness on one who doesn't appreciate you—one who cares so little about you that he is openly devoted to this other woman, whom you wouldn't admit even as a maid to your house if you knew her record. He's making a laughing-stock of you, I tell you, Angela, and when you go by, those who don't laugh and shrug their shoulders when your back is turned draw down the corners of their mouths and whisper, 'Poor thing; God pity her!' I can't stand it, Angela. I like their pity even less than their malicious joy in your shame."

Brant prided himself on being a diplomat, and he knew that Angela de Haven, slender, laughing thing that she was, had within her a fiber of fierce pride, which was the keynote of her character. So he blew craftily on that smouldering pride as he told her stories of her husband's faithlessness.

Still, Angela regarded him with that look of a cornered deer, her head thrown back, her eyes wide with an unnamed emotion; her face, framed in its aureole of golden hair, was as white as the whitest flower—as white as her bare, snowy shoulders and her

bosom, which heaved tumultuously under its folds of silver-embroidered tulle.

Brant dropped down on the piano-bench beside her and bent his handsome head close to her face. He looked into her eyes with dumb, eager pleading, but she did not seem to see or notice him. Her breath came and went in swift little gasps.

"Angela dear," he whispered, "look at me, my beautiful one. I love you, dear!" and swiftly, scarcely realizing what he did, he bent and kissed the soft white curve of her shoulder.

Like a flash she rose to her full height and faced him with narrowed, scornful eyes.

"You lie!" she hissed. "I'm well paid for listening for even an instant to your cowardly, lying accusations. My husband is a good man. He's an honorable man, and he loves me as only an honorable man can love—something which you, sir, can have no conception of."

She turned from him with a regal sweep of her chin and started for the door. He caught her roughly by the arm.

"Angela, listen to me!" he cried throatily. "You can prove for yourself whether or not I tell the truth. They are in the conservatory at this moment together, alone; and as always, they are making love in a perfectly reckless, abandoned fashion. I believe it's a part of her scheme to shame you before all of your friends here. Go and see for yourself, and then call me a liar if you still can and dare."

He released her roughly and strode ahead into the brightly lighted ballroom, leaving her standing mute and still in the middle of the music-room.

She put her hand to her heart and staggered to a chair.

"Oh, Roger—my Roger—I can't be-

lieve it of you! I don't believe it of you!" she whispered brokenly. "If you should prove faithless, Roger, what would there be left for me to believe in?"

But even as she whispered her husband's name she knew that she must at last open her eyes to the situation she had steadfastly refused to see for the past few months. Many had hinted to her of the state of affairs, but they had dared to do no more than hint, for her icy pride had not permitted of confidences. Angela de Haven was not one of those to whom the lips of scandal are wont to open, and her faith in her husband had in it something which disarmed even the most malicious.

"It isn't true. It isn't true, Roger," she whispered to herself, even while her heart told her that it was all too true. "I must protect you, Roger, from my own bad thoughts—from the bad thoughts that evil man has put into my head. I must prove that you are innocent, even for your own sake. You are not making love to that woman, Roger, but just to protect you from my own bad suspicions I must go to the conservatory to prove that they are lies. Forgive me, my husband, for seeming to spy on you."

Summoning all her will-power, she drew herself together and swept smilingly through the ballroom and into the conservatory. Once inside the quiet, heavily odorous room of crystal and fresh green, she paused and drew her breath. All was quiet.

"It is as I thought," she breathed unsteadily. "It's lies—all lies!"

Still there was no sound, but a slight movement behind some palms told her that she was not alone. She drew nearer and stood petrified, staring.

In the shadow of the palms they stood—her husband and that other

woman. His arms clasped Violet Hilton in close embrace, while their lips met in a long, silent kiss.

Angela stood voiceless and motionless, too overcome to make her presence known, hardly knowing whether she lived or died, whether this thing she saw was a part of actual life or only an evil dream, which had its origin in her own bewildered brain.

Finally Violet, dusky and glowing, drew away from the embrace of her lover.

"You say you love me, Roger?" she pouted. "Then prove it to me. How often have I proved to you my love? I have given, given, given, and you have taken all that I have given; but that is always the way. It is the woman who always gives, and the man who takes."

"But sometimes, too, the man gives, Violet. It is not much that I can give, but such as it is I want you to

The word, breathing a horror unspeakable, broke in upon their confidence.

Roger turned as though he had been shot.

"You, Angela! How did you happen here?"

She cut short his words with icy directness.

"No explanations are in order, Roger. The situation is self-explanatory, I think. I merely wished to say good-by."

"Angela! You don't mean that—you can't mean that! I swear I've never really loved any one but you. This affair—it's quite different. Just an infatuation—not to be compared to our love. Angela, my wife—"

Again she cut him short icily.

"No longer your wife, sir. I shall leave you now to your pleasures. You are simply making a bad matter worse by your cowardly explanations. There

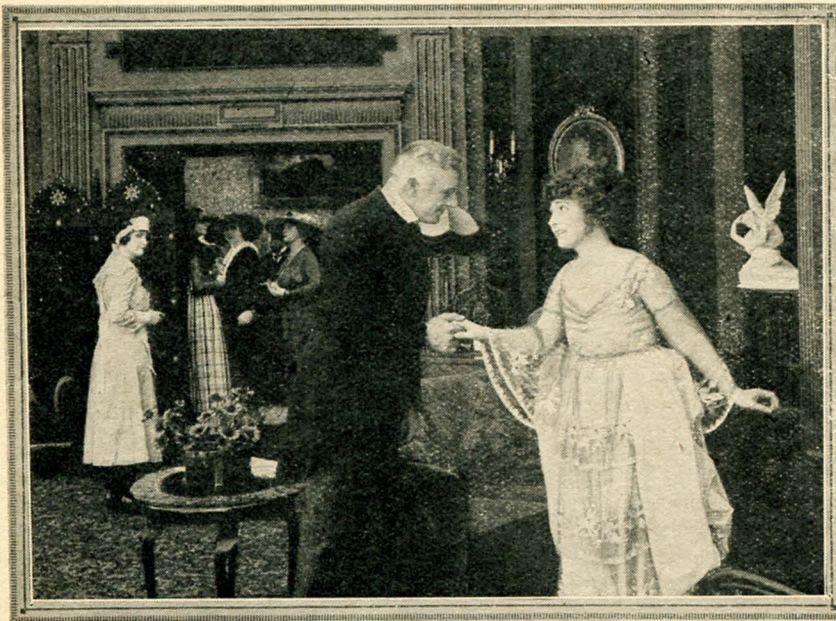
present and the future had been bound up.

From that day Angela de Haven was a changed woman. She took an apartment by herself and resumed her maiden name Angela de Berry. The friends of other days saw her no more, and she gathered about herself a circle of new, gay friends, who hated the things she had loved in her former life and who loved the things she had hated.

Determined to make all men pay for Roger's perfidy, she became a brilliant, beautiful flame, which attracted their moth-like interest and affections and wrought strange havoc with one after another of her admirers. Through her beauty and wit she wrecked the hearts and fortunes of the big men who sought her drawing-room, until the name of the fascinating Madame de Berry became a by-word through the country. Her husband had long since ceased to trouble her thoughts. When he found that he would never be able to win her back he had taken passage, in despair, for the South Sea Islands, and his ship had gone down with all on board; and Angela de Berry, cold, shrewd, beautiful, played with her puppets, took all from them that they would give, and gave in return not one slightest trace of herself, soul or body. She fed them on hopes—vain hopes which were never gratified.

Of all the men who frequented her drawing-room Bragdon Brant was the one who came oftenest and was most madly in love with her. In her heart of hearts Angela hated him as the destroyer of her happiness. She knew that it was he who had maneuvered to place Violet Hilton between her husband and herself, thinking that when she discovered her husband's faithlessness she would turn to him; and to herself Angela had sworn a great oath that he should pay for what he had done, and pay heavily. She would ruin him in fortune and affections, but she must do it in her own way, for Bragdon Brant was no fool, and his fortune was based on sound foundations. He was one of the three sole owners of the Bobcat Mines, whose paying value was unquestioned.

"If only I owned all of the Bobcat



Angela de Berry, cold, shrewd, beautiful, played with her puppets.

have. I brought you the stock—a thousand shares of it—that you said last week you wanted. Here it is, Violet, with a paper making it over to you." Roger de Haven drew a folded paper from his breast-pocket as he spoke and put the stock into Violet's hands. They closed over it firmly.

"Roger!"

might be some excuse for you if you had really loved this woman. As it is, you have been merely pretending to love her and to love me at the same time. I have had enough of your double game. Good-by."

And so saying, she turned and left forever the man she had loved—the man in whom all her hopes for the

stock, Angela, I should be the richest man in the State, and all my riches I should lay at your little feet," he said to her one day as he lolled in her drawing-room, smoking a cigarette.

"Oh, it's all very well to say that since you don't happen to own it all," Angela responded.

"Do you know, Angela, I think that if you worked it right you might gain possession of the rest of the stock for us both."

"How?" questioned Angela somewhat wearily. She had long tried to get Brant's stock away from him, but he had hung onto it in spite of her. "It is the basis of my credit," he had told her. "It's my Bobcat stock that makes me so solid with my bankers, in spite of the risks I take in other fields."

So she repeated her "How?" with much interest, half-despairing of ever getting Brant into her power.

"The rest of the stock is owned by Bob Spalding and his chum Len Durant. They haven't the money to work the mines, and I won't put any money into the mines, because I want them to sell their holdings to me. I haven't been able to persuade them to let go. But you, Angela—you could get their stock away from them with your clever tongue and your fetching ways, if anybody could."

In a flash a plan formed itself in Angela's mind—a plan of which she spoke to no one, but which she acted on with her usual decision.

Two days later she was speeding across the continent in a fast express, bound for the Bobcat Mines. She took with her her own motor-car and her own chauffeur.

When they arrived at Bailey, the little mountain station nearest the mines, she continued her journey in the motor-car.

"You are discreet, James," she said to her chauffeur as they sped along the mountain road, "and you know when to hold your tongue. It is for that reason that I have been paying you double the usual wages for two years past. I think I may rely on you in the present emergency. As usual, I shall make it worth your while."

James nodded dumbly. He was verily a miracle of silence.

"The next house, just below the curve, is that of Mr. Robert Spalding, if our last informant is correct. I wish you to have some sort of an accident as we approach the house—do you understand?"

Again James nodded dumbly, but there was a cunning gleam in his shrewd eyes which told that he understood his mistress' tactics perfectly.

Angela leaned back in luxurious contentment, awaiting whatever might come.

Down the hill they sped, faster and faster.

"Is the car getting away from James, I wonder?" asked Angela, suddenly terrified by the speed with which they were moving down-grade. James' white, set face as he manipulated the brakes gave no answer to her question as the car rocked and surged on its dangerous way.

Suddenly, just as they were abreast of Bob Spalding's gate, a racer shot out of it and sprang abreast of the motor as it rushed on its headlong path. For a moment the cars ran side by side, then slowly Bob—for it was he who guided the smaller car—gained on the big car. Inch by inch it crept ahead. Then Bob Spalding leaned forward with all the confidence of reserve power in his splendid young face, and with one mighty effort he sprang ahead. One car, two car-lengths! The chauffeur turned his car in back, Bob let go the clutch and put on the brakes, slowly bringing his car to a speed somewhat less than that on the one behind. There was a thud, a shivering of glass, and the two cars came to a stop.

Angela played her cards with a masterly hand.

"The car had gotten away from my chauffeur. In another instant we should have been dashed to pieces down the curve. You have saved our lives, sir. How can I ever thank you?" She whispered the words with tremulous terror as Bob helped her from her car. Then, before he had time to reply, she fainted dead away against his shoulder—a limp, fragrant, very lovely burden.

Bob took her to his mother, who insisted that Angela should remain with them until she had fully recov-

ered from her nervous shock. This was, of course, just the thing Angela had been working for, and she accepted the invitation with graceful hesitancy. Fate having proved propitious, she told herself, it would be an easy matter for her to secure Bob's stock in the mines and use it to wreck Brant's fortune.

But Angela reckoned without the little blind God of Love, who shoots his arrows where he lists, and does not spare the most hardened woman of the world any more readily than he would the most innocent little country lass.

As the days went by, she felt herself falling deeper and deeper in love with Bob, with his splendid young strength, his brusque, honest way, his shy little attempts to show his tenderness for her. In the light of his perfect confidence she felt her hard resolve to attain revenge to fade away. The days of her girlhood came back to her, and she wished that she might remain always in that beautiful mountain valley with those sincere friends, away from the vulgar showiness of the city.

She steeled herself against these good impulses, however, and went on her way with an icy determination in her heart even while her lips smiled softly as she cajoled Bob with persuasive words, trying to get him to sell her the stock. But Bob could not be moved from his determination to hold the stock.

"You are only a woman, Angela," he would say to her, "and you can't understand matters of this kind. Business isn't your province. In matters of this kind I must use my own judgment."

His unswerving resolution made Angela love him only the more, but she redoubled her efforts to gain possession of the stock which was held by his friend Leonard Durant, and in this she was successful. Leonard spent much of his time at the house, and he was as putty in her hands.

"Angela," said Bob to her one night as they sat in the garden, watching the moonlight on the mountains, "we have been very, very happy since you dropped in on us so suddenly—almost from the skies, as it were. I can't bear to think of this house without

your presence in it. Won't you stay here always, dear, as my wife?"

Angela felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to sink into his outstretched arms, but instead she only drew herself up more proudly and asked:

"You ask me to be your wife and you won't even trust me with a little paltry stock I have taken a fancy to own? Give me the gift I ask, Bob, before you ask me for all that I am and hope to be."

Her eyes were very soft and shining as she spoke, and Bob wavered for an instant. Then he shook his head sadly.

"You don't understand these things, Angela. I can't do it."

Angela's lips trembled and she looked him full in the eye. *

she had been successful in getting Leonard's share of the Bobcat stock. Then, as quickly as she had appeared on his horizon, this flashing comet of the Eastern city disappeared from Bob's world and went back to the tawdry circle of acquaintances she had left.

Soon the most unexpected things began to happen in the stock market.

Somebody was playing with Bobcat stock, but just who it was or what the reason was, no one knew. Angela vowed to Bragdon Brant that her expedition had been unsuccessful, and that she knew nothing about the matter. Secretly, however, she had given orders to her brokers to undermine the value of Bobcat, even though they might have to dump all her holdings on the market at a practical loss to

life. Her ambition to ruin Brant, fine as it had seemed before, had turned to dust and ashes ever since she had viewed it in the light of Bob's clear, honest gaze. She wanted Bob's respect more now than she wanted her revenge. She wanted Bob himself even more than she wanted life itself.

As if in answer to her wishes, Bob himself appeared on the scene one day. She was sitting in her boudoir, giving directions to her broker over the telephone, when Bob strode up and clasped his hand over the mouth-piece of the telephone.

"Listen, Angela!" he cried hoarsely. "You've got to give up all this dirty work. You're only a woman, and you don't know what you're doing; but unless you cancel that order you've just given I'll expose you and I'll play against you with my own stock. I'll lose every cent's worth of it before I'll let you go on this way. I've got to save you from yourself, for I can't help loving you, good or bad, and sooner or late your better self will have come to me."

As he stood there in his righteous wrath, loving her and spurning her at once, a great wave of longing swept over Angela. She suddenly hated the life which was separating her from him. It was as though a great wave from the sea of life had suddenly swept her clean of all hatred and all desire for revenge.

She looked into his eyes with something that seemed almost fear. Then she turned back to her telephone and canceled the order to the broker.

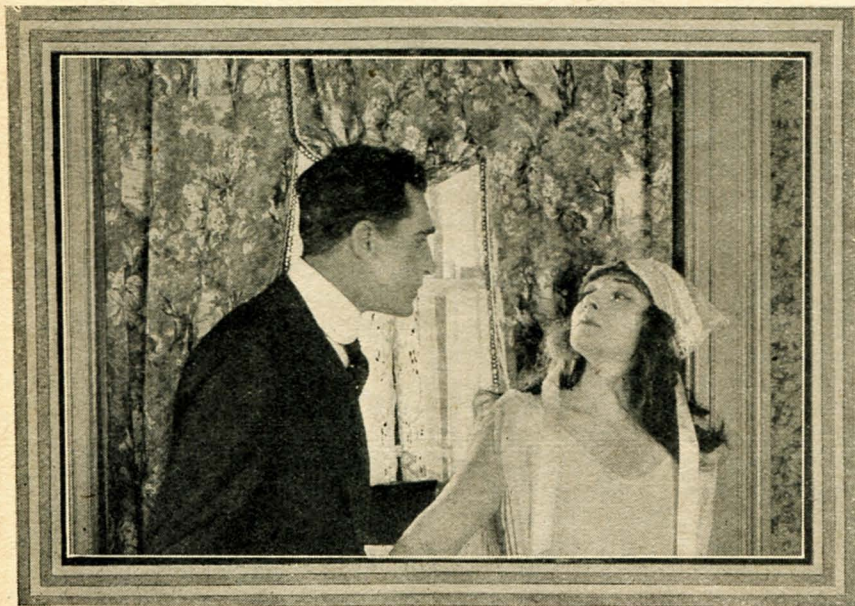
"I'll leave Bragdon Brant's case to the god of justice," she said softly, then she went to her desk and took from it the stock she had wheedled away from Leonard Durant. She handed it to Bob.

"Send it back to Leonard, Bob; I have no further use for it."

"Which means, Angela, that you are through with this life, that you'll come back to the simple, clean life in the mountains with me, and leave all this behind you?" He towered above her, and shot the words out roughly—almost fiercely.

Angela nodded her head dumbly.

Bob caught her in his arms and clasped her to his breast as though he would never let her go.



She looked into his eyes with something that seemed almost fear.

"You don't love me, Bob," she said. "If you had given me the stock, perhaps even I might have believed once more in love, perhaps I might have agreed to remain here with you in this clean, beautiful country; but since you don't love me I'll tell you before I go away forever who it is that you think you love. I am the notorious Madame de Berry!"

In a few flashing, bitter words she told him why she had come and how

do it. It wasn't money that Angela wanted; it was Brant's ruin.

Brant's credit had been completely undermined. He was facing financial ruin, and Angela flouted him openly. He went about with an ashen and suddenly aged face, and it was rumored that he was on the verge of suicide.

Angela was cool and gay on the surface, but mentally and emotionally she was torn with dissatisfaction with

"I've needed you so, Bob," she sighed when finally she could speak. "When love and faith were snatched out of my life I thought I should die. I seem to have been—somehow—not

really alive all these years, and now again I am really living."

"It's love that is the fuel of life, sweetheart, and when love is taken life lies down. You have had a hard

row to hoe, little girl, but now I'm going to help you make up for all those wasted years."

And so saying, he kissed her again and again.

THE MYSTERY SHIP

THIRD EPISODE—"ADRIFT"

Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.
(Universal Feature Film)

SCENARIO BY ELSIE VAN NAME

PRODUCED BY FRANCIS FORD

FEATURING NEVA GERBER AND BEN WILSON

By HARRY LAKEWOOD

AS the crew and members of Betty's party stepped into their lifeboat, those on board Miles Gaston's yacht, the *Nemesis*, crowded to the rail and looked on at the spectacle of the sinking ship with interest. The sea had already been quite rough, and now the suction created by the sinking vessel added to its roughness and the little lifeboat danced about on the waves like a cork.

"They can't hold out in that cockleshell very long, and if we just hang about for a while they'll be begging us to take them aboard," said Gaston to his friend Jack Fay.

"I guess you're right. I know that I wouldn't want to spend a night on the bosom of the briny deep in a tub like that," answered Fay.

"I tell you what," said Gaston. "I've just had what I think is a great idea. What do you think of this for a notion? You've always been a winner with the ladies because of your polite manners and your handsome face. Now, suppose you go over to the rail and invite this Lady Betty to come aboard? Once she is in my power I can deal with her as I please."

"Do you think that she is crazy, or are you just trying to kid me? From what I've seen of Betty Lee she's not the kind of fly to walk into any spider's parlor, and she'd just about as soon come aboard this ship as she'd put her head in a lion's mouth," replied Fay.

"Oh, pshaw! You don't seem to understand me," ejaculated Gaston. "Don't you see," he added, "she thinks

that I'm the only enemy on this yacht, her only enemy in the world, in fact. Just at present she thinks that I'm reposing peacefully at the bottom of the sea where she fancies her men threw me. Now she will have no fear. Go ahead, Jack, exercise your blandishments and let us see if we can't get this lady treasure-seeker into our grasp."

In the belief that much of what Gaston said was true and that there might be some chance of luring Betty aboard the *Nemesis*, Fay now advanced to that part of the rail nearest to Betty's lifeboat and asked the man at the oars to bring it close alongside, as he wanted to speak with the lady. Meantime Gaston discreetly withdrew so that those in the lifeboat might not catch sight of him. The men in the lifeboat glanced at Betty, and she, nodding her head in acquiescence, they sent their boat close alongside the yacht. Then Fay, wearing his most attractive smile, removed his cap and addressed Betty.

"Won't you come aboard, miss? I assure you that there is nothing for you to fear, and that there is no reason why you and your men should take the chance of losing your lives by drifting about in this rough sea all night in your frail boat. We have ample accommodations, and I shall be glad to extend you every courtesy. Shall I have a rope ladder thrown over the side?"

Betty hesitated, and her train of thoughts was much what the wily Gaston had thought it would be. The

man at the rail had the appearance of a gentleman, and Gaston was probably dead, she thought. Besides, whatever right she might have to jeopardize her own life, she had no right to risk the lives of her men. They had served her loyally, and perhaps, if she were to refuse this offer, they might run aground on a rock or be run down by some vessel through the night. Hiding skilfully any misgivings she still felt, Betty looked up at Fay and replied: "I am much obliged to you, sir. If you will be good enough to have your people drop a ladder over the side we shall be glad to come aboard."

With a friendly nod Fay gave an order to a group of sailors standing near by, and a moment later a rope ladder was flung over the side of the *Nemesis*. Betty seized the bottom rung and started up the side, closely followed by her captain and his crew. Fay, standing on the deck, received her as though she were a queen and insisted on immediately escorting her to a stateroom. She accepted this courtesy, but before guiding her to the stateroom gave orders that everything necessary to the comfort of her crew be done.

At the door of her stateroom Fay bowed politely and left her to go and tell Gaston of his success. But that was quite unnecessary, for that individual had witnessed every detail connected with the luring of Betty on his vessel and was even now making ready to spy upon her. Pausing only long enough to thank Fay tersely for

what he had done, Gaston hurried away to the cabin adjoining Betty's, where he silently bored a small hole through the wall which divided her cabin from his. Through this hole he now studied her, and as he had never seen her at close range before, he fairly marveled at her beauty. This interest he quickly brushed aside, however, and devoted himself solely to a study of her actions. He was convinced that she had the map of the Treasure Island in her own possession, and he hoped that she might perform some action which would

ered with water-proofed silk from which she took a paper. She placed it on the cover of the bed. Gaston could now see that the paper was a rude map, and immediately he realized that it was the guide to Treasure Island. He was seized with a mad desire to possess himself of the map at any cost. Hastily tiptoeing to the door of his stateroom, he noiselessly stepped out into the little corridor which ran in front of the row of staterooms in which was Betty's and quietly glided over to her door. With infinite care he placed his hand on

refused to serve her, and she asked wonderingly: "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I am Miles Gaston, son of the man your father murdered for greed, and the rightful owner of the treasure you are now trying to steal," he replied, as at the same moment he removed the cap from his head and bowed.

Betty glanced at him amazedly, and even as she looked the sleeve of his coat was drawn back from his wrist, by the motion he made in removing his cap, and the sinister red crescent on his wrist glowed like a jewel against the white skin of the rest of his arm.

"I—I—I thought you were dead!" she gasped.

"It is not your fault nor that of the men you sent aboard my vessel to murder me and cripple my engines that I am not, but you know the saying, 'The devil takes care of his own,' and I suppose that I owe my preservation to his benign influence," he replied.

Betty made him no reply, and then a sudden recollection that she held the map of Treasure Island clasped against her breast came to her, and a cautious look crept into her eyes as she tried to surreptitiously crumple the paper up into a small compass so that it would escape his attention. Gaston, who was watching her very closely, read her thoughts and divined her purpose. Fearing that she might destroy the diagram, he said:

"I see that you have the map of the Treasure Island with you, and I'll trouble you to let me have it at once."

With a conclusive movement she clasped it more firmly to her breast, and then Gaston made a sudden grab for it. A portion of the paper stuck out between her hands, and he managed to grip this fragment firmly. In a panic she tried to wrest it from him, and then he frankly entered into a struggle with her for it. Back and forth about the room they swayed, each trying to wrench the paper from the grip of the other. Betty did not dare to cry out, fearing that if she did so she might summon one of Gaston's men to his assistance.

After a time Gaston tried the plan



In the darkness of the engine-room Gaston knelt with lighted match above his watch.

give him a clue as to where she had it hidden.

Just at present she was sitting on the side of the bunk with her head in her hands, with all the appearance of a person lost in deep thought. Gaston sensed that she was thinking about the setback she had suffered in losing her craft and considering what she should do in order to get started upon her quest again. He was right. That is exactly what she was thinking. Presently she drew from the bosom of her dress an envelope cov-

ered with water-proofed silk from which she took a paper. She placed it on the cover of the bed. Gaston could now see that the paper was a rude map, and immediately he realized that it was the guide to Treasure Island. He was seized with a mad desire to possess himself of the map at any cost. Hastily tiptoeing to the door of his stateroom, he noiselessly stepped out into the little corridor which ran in front of the row of staterooms in which was Betty's and quietly glided over to her door. With infinite care he placed his hand on

the knob. Then slowly and gently he turned it as far as it would go, and suddenly pushed the door forward. To his joy it yielded, and he was in the room before Betty realized that the door had been opened. With a little gasp of fright Betty sprang to her feet and, with the map pressed closely to her breast, confronted the intruder. There was something vaguely familiar about the face that stared back at her, and she struggled vainly to remember where she had seen it before. Her memory

of firmly holding both of her small hands between one of his and trying to force them open with the other. He succeeded partly by this method, but the desperate swaying of her body prevented him from getting her hands entirely open. The slight opening which he did succeed in effecting, however, enabled him to get a grip upon a larger fragment of the map, and then suddenly Betty tripped and fell, leaving half the map in Gaston's hand.

Slowly, and quivering with excitement, Betty rose to her feet and stared ruefully at Gaston, who stood with his back against the door of the stateroom with a sneering smile on his face. "Don't you think you had better let me have the other half now?" he asked mockingly.

"You will never get it," answered Betty with flashing eyes.

"Well, you hardly expect that I am going to return you the half that I have, do you?" asked Gaston.

"From you," replied Betty, "I expect nothing that is generous, nothing that is noble, nothing that a woman might expect from a gentleman. No, I am quite convinced that you will not give back to me the half that you have."

"That being the case," answered Gaston, "I suppose you realize that your quest is at an end, for you might just as well seek your Treasure Island with half a map, as try to reach it with half a ship."

For a moment Betty did not answer him, but stood with brooding eyes fixed upon the scrap of carpet on the stateroom floor while the color mounted higher in her cheeks and grew more intense in its brightness. Then, throwing her head back defiantly, she said:

"Since you have stooped to trickery and force, then I shall meet trickery with trickery, and force with force. My crew aboard this vessel is greater in numbers than yours and supports a more righteous cause. I shall summon them to my assistance and we shall take your ship from you by force, and it may be that my men can find a way to induce you to return to me the half of the map which you have."

Gaston's face paled slightly and his figure stiffened as she hurled this threat at him, for he realized that if her men were to attack his own, that in all probability they would, because of their greater numbers, succeed in getting possession of the yacht. But he was much too great a master of himself to permit her to see the effect her threat had had upon him. He sneered more wildly and replied:

"You speak with much confidence for a person who can have no knowledge of the number of my crew. If you attempt to put your little plan into execution you may find that the members of your crew will soon be in irons, and you with them."

"Perhaps I know more of your crew than you think I know," answered Betty. "In any event I shall certainly try my plan for what it is worth."

"You shall not leave this room until you give me the other half of that map," said Gaston sternly. He was greatly angered.

"I shall. I demand that you let me pass!" exclaimed Betty.

For answer Gaston set his back more firmly against the door and held up one hand warningly. Betty paused in her advance and then deliberately cried at the top of her voice:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Instantly there was a pounding of rough-shod feet upon the short flight of stairs that led from the deck to the cabin, which was followed by a loud pounding upon the door of the stateroom. With a shrug of his shoulders Gaston stepped aside and threw the door wide, revealing a motley group, made up of members of both his own and Betty's crew. Catching sight of one of her own men, Betty cried out to him:

"Thomas, tell our men to seize this vessel. We will run it ourselves." Straightway the man called Thomas hurried from the group about the door, to rejoin the majority of his companions where he had left them on the upper deck, while those of his fellows who were in the group before the stateroom door promptly engaged in battle with the members of Gaston's crew.

With the rapidity of a prairie fire

the news of the conflict spread throughout the yacht, and wherever one of Betty's men met one of Gaston's men a fight immediately ensued. After a time the men of the opposing crews found themselves massed together, each in his own faction, and in one part of the ship. After that the fight was not long, but while it lasted it was as desperate as it could well be where the combatants were men who were ever willing to fight for the mere pleasure of fighting, and whose weapons ran the gamut from marlin-spikes and belaying-pins to clasp-knives and rugged fists. While the fighting was going on Betty stood some yards away from the combatants with clasped hands and wide eyes and alternating hopes and fears. Suddenly, as she stood tensely watching the fighters, she heard something whiz past her head, and an arrow dropped on the deck at her feet with a folded piece of paper firmly fastened in its shaft. Wondering at this marvel, Betty stooped and extracted the piece of paper from the arrow. With fingers that trembled she opened the scrap of paper and, in wonderment, read a brief message written upon it which said:

"Keep up your courage, for unseen but strong help is always near at hand, and will defend you in your hour of greatest peril."

Scarcely had she finished reading the note when she heard a hoarse cheer and, looking again at the fighters, saw that her own men had been victorious.

With fist and boot, and many a heavy curse, the members of her crew drove the members of Gaston's crew before them down into the engine-room, while several of her own men ran to take possession of the wheelhouse. Gaston assembled the members of his crest-fallen crew about him and took counsel with them as to what their next move should be.

"Ahm in favor o' punchin' a hole through ta bottom o' ta ship an' lettin' her go doon to Davy Jones wi' aw on board," said a giant Scotchman.

"We're here to talk sense and not drivell!" snapped Gaston angrily.

Seeing that there was too much di-

versity of opinion for any tangible result to be arrived at, Gaston determined to do his own thinking and formulate his own plans for the destruction of the engines.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll put the engines out of commission just as they planned to do to us, and if I have my way, we'll drift through all eternity before I start again, unless that woman comes to terms."

"Just a moment," said the captain, a quiet, thoughtful man from Salem, Massachusetts. "Suppose you give the

you will surrender the other half of the map to me your men may run the ship in peace and take it where they will. But if you do not surrender the map, then at the end of five minutes we will put the engines out of commission, and then God only knows what will become of us all. You can think this over and, when you come to a decision, let me know. If you have not reached your decision in five minutes the work of destruction on the engines will commence. Do you understand?"

"Very well," replied Betty, and

liberation, he pointed out to each man his work of destruction.

In a very few minutes the machinery was disabled and the yacht lost her speed and failed to respond to the wheel. Soon it was drifting about on the bosom of the sea as helplessly as the veriest derelict. The night was dark and overcast, and there was nothing to break the intense blackness except the phosphorescent gleam from the water.

Betty stood with her captain near the wheel discussing what they should do, now that the engines had been disabled.

"Do you think that we could overpower them and repair the machinery so that it would work again?" she asked the captain.

"I'm afraid that would be an almost impossible task, miss, as they have a decided advantage down there. If any of our men tried to go below their figures would be outlined in the hatchway while they could not see the enemy below them, and there would be a regular slaughter of the innocents," he replied.

Betty was on the point of making a reply when the lookout up in the crow's nest sang out: "Land ho! Off the port bow, sir; looks like a mass of rocks."

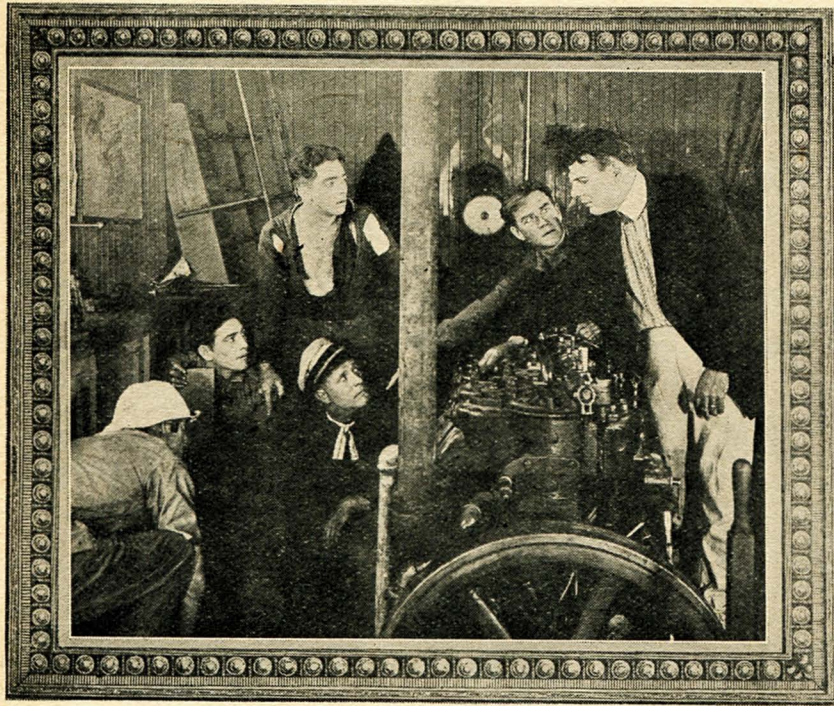
The captain went over to the rail and strained his eyes in the direction the sailor had indicated. Presently he made out the dark mass ahead, and called out to the sailor:

"Can you make out what it is, Smith?"

"Rocks, sir. As sure as I live it's a mass of black-looking rocks," the man answered.

"This is serious, miss," said the captain, turning to Betty. "We are bearing down on a mass of rocks, and we cannot control our course. We had better tell those men down in the engine-room what is taking place and let them know that we are all drifting to almost certain death. If they will only start the engines in time we can avoid this peril. If they can't we are all lost."

"Speak to them, if you like, captain. They will probably pay more attention to you than they would to me," replied Betty.



With care and deliberation he pointed out to each man his work of destruction.

lady an ultimatum first and tell her what you plan to do and maybe she'll be glad to come to terms sooner than have the engines knocked out of kilter."

"Good idea," answered Gaston, stepping to the speaking-tube which led from the engine-room to the bridge. He whistled up the tube and, having attracted the attention of the man at the wheel, asked to be permitted to speak to Betty. In a few minutes she came to the tube.

"I have a proposition to make to you, which is this," said Gaston. "If

Gaston stepped away from his end of the tube.

In the darkness of the engine-room Gaston knelt with lighted match above his watch. Five minutes came and went, then six and seven minutes, and still no word from Betty. Then, with a curse, Gaston rose to his feet and, summoning his crew, went forward where the great engines silently and smoothly did their work. While a group of the men formed themselves about the engines Gaston took a commanding position and assigned each man a place. Then, with care and de-

The captain stepped to the speaking-tube and in a few plain words told the men in the engine-room just what the situation was. Miles Gaston received the message and sent back the answer which best suited him.

"Tell that misguided young woman up there that if she will surrender

the other half of the map which she has we will start the engines in ten seconds, otherwise they won't be started if the rock of Gibraltar itself stood in our path," he said. By this time day had dawned and things about took on a new shape.

The captain delivered the message to Betty just as he had received it.

She turned pale and walked over to the rail, where she stood looking out at the black mass ahead, which drew nearer with every passing second. In silence the members of her crew stood waiting her decision, prepared, whatever it might be, to stick to her while life lasted.

(To be continued)

THE RED ACE

SEVENTH EPISODE—"THE LION'S CLAWS"

Copyright by Universal Film Mfg. Co.
(Universal Feature Film)

SCENARIO WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY JACQUES JACCARD

Cast of Characters:

<i>Virginia Dixon</i>	<i>Marie Walcamp</i>	<i>Steele Heffren</i>	<i>Charles Brindley</i>
<i>Patrick Kelly</i>	<i>Bobby Mack</i>	<i>Sergeant Winthrop</i>	<i>Larry Peyton</i>

OF course, Virginia Dixon's invasion of the stronghold of her enemies was extremely foolhardy; but she was determined to save Sergeant Winthrop, who had been imprisoned, wounded and bleeding, awaiting the will of the foreign spies for whom Fouchard and Heffren were working. At the top of the stairs in the inn, her revolvers pointed at the gang coming up, she held the whole crowd at bay. Winthrop could not help her on account of his weakened condition, nor could the guard injure her, as she had knocked him out with the water-pitcher.

When she ordered her enemies back, it seemed to have a measure of success. She backed her attackers on to a balcony, and one by one they tumbled down the stairs leading into the barroom.

She had fired several shots over their heads; then her ammunition ran out. To her alarm she saw that Doctor Hirtzman had come into the inn and was with the crowd. He was the first one to notice that her revolver did not respond when she pulled the trigger.

"She has no more cartridges left," he exclaimed so that all heard him. "Now is your time to attack her. She can't hurt you."

Then came the deluge. Like a pack of wild beasts the crowd surged for-

ward, with Hirtzman in the lead and Heffren beside him.

The next instant Virginia was seized by a dozen pairs of hands and rushed into the room in which Winthrop had been confined.

Heffren had pounced on the prisoner, who, too weak to defend himself, was tied up again and rendered absolutely helpless.

"What shall I do with him?" asked Heffren of Hirtzman in a whisper. "We cannot leave him here. He is half-unconscious."

"Is he well secured?" asked Hirtzman.

"His hands are tied behind his back."

"Very well. Take him down-stairs and put him on a horse, with the noosed end of a rope around his neck. I will attend to the rest of it, which means that I will use him as a lever to make this girl do my bidding. It is absolutely necessary for us to find out where her father and brother have hidden the platinum which was taken from the Red Ace Mine. The foreign government which I represent must have that metal in order to carry on the war successfully, and I will get it if I have to torture the secret out of this obstinate little fool. Now get out of here with Winthrop."

Steele and several of the men took the prisoner down-stairs. The half-

breed guard had regained his senses, and was now holding Virginia by the arm as she stood close to the open window. Hirtzman approached her.

"See here, Miss Dixon," he said harshly, "I want you to tell me where that platinum is secreted."

"And if I refuse?" she asked, eyeing him narrowly.

The doctor pointed out the window. "See there!" he exclaimed.

Virginia saw that Winthrop, with his arms bound behind his back, was seated on a horse with a hangman's noose around his neck. The rope was over the limb of a tree, and the other end of it was in the hands of the ruffians commanded by Heffren.

"Good God, they mean to hang him!" she muttered.

"Well," asked the doctor with a cynical smile, "how do you like Winthrop's predicament? It has been arranged between Heffren and I that if you do not consent to tell me where I can get that platinum I am to give him a signal from this window, and he is to drive the horse from under Winthrop, leaving him swinging by the neck in the air. That spells his death."

Virginia's face blanched. She was in a most trying situation, from which she could see no escape, and yet, as her startled glance wandered beyond Winthrop's body she was almost posi-

tive that she saw the figures of Little Bear and Red Fawn lurking in the woods. It inspired her with a vague hope that the case was not quite as desperate as it looked. The unfortunate part was that she could not signal to the friendly Indians without Hirtzman seeing her, and could only infer that her two red friends had seen Winthrop's plight and would render him whatever assistance they could.

"Some Indian friend of theirs must have told them about Winthrop's danger," she reflected, and as she glanced down again she now saw Little Bear crouching behind a tree, peering up at her and the doctor. As the Indian knew that Hirtzman was an enemy of the Dixons, he would realize that she was in distress, as well as Winthrop.

At this moment the doctor interrupted her thoughts by handing her a letter and saying in a malicious sort of way:

"This was written by your brother and was addressed to you. Tell me what it means, and I will save you both."

With trembling hands Virginia took the letter, and this is what she read:

'DEAR SISTER VIRGINIA:
— for — platinum —
buried. — to — door —
sunset. — for — tree —
east — field — when —
see — Red Ace — to — to
— decipher this, look in
the ring of —'

The girl looked fearlessly at her tormentor, and crumpling the paper up in her hand she hurled it to the floor.

"I can't tell you what it means, because I don't know, and even if I did I wouldn't tell."

Her spirit scarcely matched her brave language, for she dreaded that her enemy would keep his threat.

The doctor fixed a devilish glare of his keen eyes upon her and then burst

into a mirthless peal of laughter. "So that's your answer?" he asked in stinging tones.

"Yes," she assented with a nod, "that is my answer."

Then she waited for the result.

With cool deliberation the doctor walked to the window, but her nerve left her at the last moment and she rushed after him, dragging the Indian,

Don't you see? Now be sensible and speak out."

Somehow the obstinacy of her resolute disposition came to the surface and she began to figure that this man was only bluffing. It did not seem possible that he would have the effrontery to calmly order the execution of an officer of the Northwest Mounted Police.

"You don't dare," she muttered.

"Last chance," answered the doctor.

"I defy you."

Hirtzman nodded and tossed his handkerchief out of the window. It was the preconcerted signal agreed upon between him and Heffren, and the leader of the ruffians saw the handkerchief falling to the ground. With his own hand he lashed the horse Winthrop bestrode, and with a startled neigh the animal sprang forward, leaving the sergeant hanging in mid-air, for the gang clung tenaciously to the rope.

A wild scream burst from Virginia's lips and she heard the mocking tones of the doctor as he sneered:

"You thought I wouldn't, didn't you?"

Everything seemed to swim before the girl's eyes. She was on the verge of a collapse, for the sight was too horrible for her to stand. She would not have minded half as much if they had vented their spite on her. The doctor saw her nervous breakdown, and with sardonic smile he caught her tottering figure in his arms. She was shaking like an aspen, too overwhelmed to utter a word, but kept moaning, shuddering and trying weakly to shut out the dreadful scene by placing her trembling hands over her eyes. In the face of danger to herself Virginia Dixon was one of the bravest girls in the world, but when it came to the



The doctor pointed out the window. "See there!" he exclaimed

who retained his hold on her arm, and looked up into Hirtzman's face with an appealing expression.

"Don't kill him," she sobbed. "He is innocent. Kill me!"

"You little idiot," retorted the doctor, "if I were to slay you, your secret would die with you. If I kill Winthrop I can torture you into revealing to me what I wish to know.

donic smile he caught her tottering figure in his arms. She was shaking like an aspen, too overwhelmed to utter a word, but kept moaning, shuddering and trying weakly to shut out the dreadful scene by placing her trembling hands over her eyes. In the face of danger to herself Virginia Dixon was one of the bravest girls in the world, but when it came to the

peril of one she loved she simply could not stand the torture of seeing him exposed to the hand of the Grim Reaper.

In the midst of her agitation she heard a horrible curse rip from the doctor's lips, and, glaring at him, saw him thrust his head out the window. Her gaze followed his, and she saw Little Bear and Red Fawn in plain view. The Indian had drawn a huge bowie-knife from his belt and now held it by the tip, poised in the air. The next instant he sent it flying toward the rope from which Winthrop hung. The keen edge of the blade struck the hempen strands smartly, gashed them in two, and the sergeant fell to the ground before he was half-strangled.

"Good!" screamed Virginia. "Oh, Little Bear, I am so glad."

"Blast that Indian!" hissed the doctor furiously.

Virginia had dragged the doctor away from the window and had taken his place. She was frantic with joy. Her enemies had failed.

Now, as she looked down at them, she saw Little Bear launch himself against two of the half-breeds who stood in his way, and slammed them right and left.

There was a steep embankment close to where Winthrop lay, and the Indian and his wife, Red Fawn, rolled Winthrop's body down the embankment, out of harm's way.

"Don't let up on them, Little Bear," screamed the girl from the window wildly. "Fire at them!"

Red Fawn took the initiative and blazed away with her rifle at the gang who had been trying to hang Winthrop.

Little Bear raised his rifle to his shoulder and to Virginia's astonishment pointed it in her direction.

"What are you doing?" she called out.

"Step aside," he answered. "Goin' to shoot Hirtzman."

She flung herself aside from the window, and there came the sharp crack of the Indian's rifle. A bullet came whistling into the room through the window and grazed the doctor's head. He uttered a startled exclamation, clapped his hands to his face, and, whirling around on his heel, went

plunging out of the room, followed by the half-breed guard.

"Fire again!" she shrieked.

The Indian had a repeating rifle and sent a number of shots crashing into the room past Virginia's face, each bullet serving to increase the terror of Hirtzman and the Indian, until they fairly flew down the stairs.

They had scarcely left the inn when Little Bear came racing in and met Virginia, who was on her way out.

"Come along, quick," he muttered hoarsely.

Seizing her wrist he dragged her out of the inn, and they went plunging away into the woods, Little Bear looking back over his shoulder to see if they were being followed. The shots fired by Red Fawn had sent the whole gang under cover, so that not one of them saw the escape of the girl from the inn with her Indian friend.

As everybody from the inn had gone running toward the mining camp followed by the shots from Red Fawn's repeating rifle, Little Bear and Virginia were not seen as they plunged into the woods.

The squaw, acting as a rearguard, held them off until the pair had disappeared, and then came running after them.

"Is Winthrop safe?" asked Virginia as they ran along.

"He fell into a hole and was buried in the leaves at the bottom," answered the Indian. "Of course, they may find him, but I guess he is safe for the present. Run faster; Red Fawn will follow us."

They increased their speed, and the girl asked:

"What good is this going to do us? In a few moments they will recover their wits and will come running after us."

The Indian grunted and shrugged his shoulders.

"I've got a rig waiting in the woods to take you away," he answered.

"Kelly is so long about bringing the Northwest Mounted Police to your assistance that we had better go to meet them."

A great sense of relief mastered Virginia. The Indian seemed to have foreseen every contingency, and there was now every prospect of escaping

from the band of ruffians, who had been threatening her existence for the sake of gain.

"How thoughtful of you," she could not help saying. "Where in the world did you get the rig from?"

"A friend of mine loaned it to me," he answered.

"Whereabouts have you hidden it?"

"In a glen, down the hill, beside the creek."

Just then Red Fawn, running like an athlete, joined them and ran beside her husband.

"Are they coming?" asked Little Bear stoically.

"Certainly," she answered. "They saw us running, took it for granted that we were afraid of them, and came racing after us. They are only a short distance behind now, and are coming up fast."

"Then they must be mounted on horses," said Virginia.

"Some of them are," answered Red Fawn, "and if we don't get out of their reach pretty soon they will overtake us."

"There's the glen now," interposed Little Bear as they rushed into a clearing, through which a silvery mountain stream was purling.

Virginia saw a vehicle and horse standing in the glen, and the next moment all three were in it and driving away at top speed.

The rig had hardly left the glen when a group of horsemen from the inn came dashing into the clearing. Hirtzman was with them, and he glared around the glen with ill-concealed rage, and snarled:

"They've escaped with a horse and carriage. See the tracks in the ground? Now we'll have the devil's own work to get them. Confound you, Steele Heffren, it's your fault if they get away, as you were so slow in getting started after them."

"Oh, don't stop here to scrap about it," advised Heffren with suppressed excitement. "Every moment we are talking they are getting farther away, and it is up to us not to lose a moment. Forward, everybody!" he yelled, and digging spurs into his horse's flanks he went smashing his way through the underbrush, followed by his companions.

Virginia had taken the reins and

was urging her horse ahead at a lively gait. She knew that their salvation depended entirely upon the speed of her horse, but the animal was handicapped by the weight of the rig and its three occupants, and they could tell from the sound of the pursuing hoofbeats that the enemy was gaining rapidly. It made Virginia desperate, as she did not expect any assistance, although as a matter of fact three of the Northwest Mounted Policemen, with Kelly, were on their way to the succor of Winthrop.

"We can't beat them, Little Bear,"

she might get the best of her enemies. "I've got a plan in mind now."

"Give it a name," said the Indian.

She spoke earnestly to him for a few moments, and he grinned and nodded his head approvingly, as her plan appealed to him strongly.

"Pretty good," he remarked when she had finished. "All we need now is the right location to carry out your game."

Virginia kept her eyes ahead until she saw the overhanging branch of a huge tree standing beside the trail they were following.

sprang to her feet. With a cat-like leap in the air she caught the branch with her hands and swung herself up into the tree, while the rig dashed on.

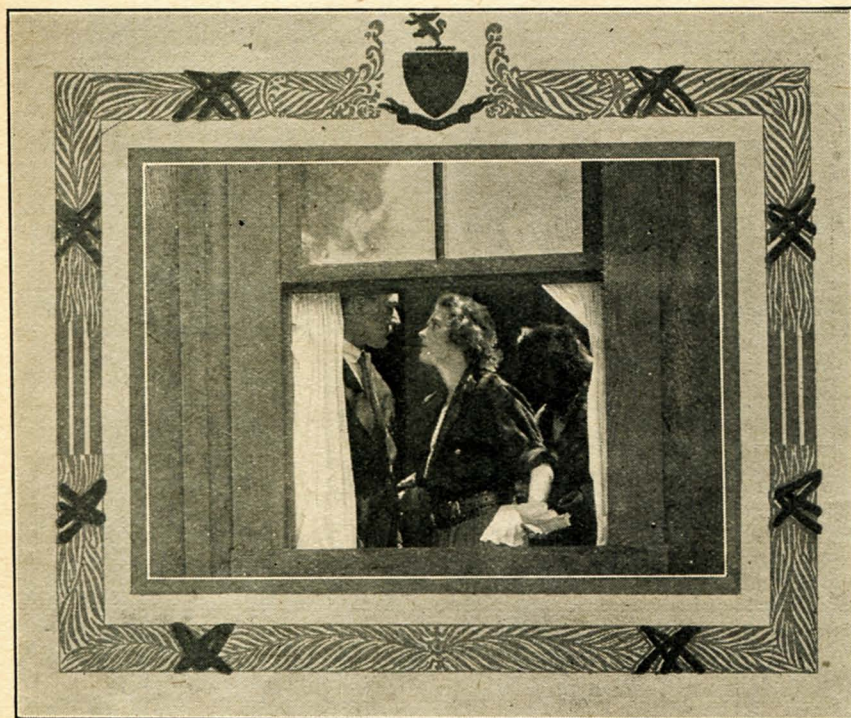
The girl had calculated that her enemies would follow the vehicle, and as they had no particular desire to capture the Indians, unless it were to avenge themselves for the shots which the pair had sent at them, there would be very little harm done if they captured Little Bear and Red Fawn.

From her perch on the tree-branch Virginia saw the squad of horsemen come bursting from the dense chaparral. It made her shiver to see the deadly expression upon their faces, for she knew they meant to get her at any risk. In fact, as she looked she suddenly caught sight of one of the half-breeds staring up at her, and she noticed that he did not tell his comrades that he had seen her. It instantly flashed across her mind that the half-breed had some evil ideas of his own in regard to her, and meant to let his companions ride on, so that he could come back alone. So strong was this impression on Virginia's mind that she felt certain she had made no error. Sooner than risk an encounter with that evil-faced Indian, she suddenly came to the conclusion to take a chance with the whole gang. It was probably one of the most hazardous things she could have done, but there was very little choice in the matter.

The half-breed was the last man in the troop far in the rear of the rest, and she singled him out for attack.

As she came to this determination she tensed all her muscles, crouched low on the branch, and as the horseman swept under her she plunged down upon one of them, knocking him from the saddle. He let out a yell of startled surprise as he went over and snatched at the girl who had fallen upon the horse's neck. Like a flash her plan was altered. She hoped now to get away on the horse, but the weight of the Indian as he fell from the saddle pulled her over sideways. The next plunge of the horse released his grip on her, and she was left clinging to the surcingle of her saddle, head down, hair flying and the horse galloping away like mad.

(To be continued)



"Don't kill him," she sobbed. "He is innocent. Kill me."

she panted. "They are gaining on us every moment, and it is only a question of time when they will overtake us and make prisoners of all three of us."

"They would have to kill me before I would surrender," answered the Indian grimly. "I'm a fighting man, and would enjoy nothing better than killing a few of those skunks before I go under."

"Perhaps we might fool them," Virginia suggested, her brain working fast to think out a scheme whereby

"There's the spot," she said.

The Indian grunted again, and she steered the horse so that it would carry the vehicle under the branch. Then she handed the reins to Little Bear and took from her pocket a notebook, which she had taken from Hirtzman. With a pencil she hastily scribbled down a few words and dropped it in the road, hoping that some friendly passer-by might find it and come to her assistance. A few moments later the rig ran under the branch of the tree and Virginia

A WONDERFUL PROP

ONE of the greatest examples of all-around efficiency in the world is the technical department at Universal City. They are ready to build anything on the earth, above the earth or under the earth at a moment's notice. Constructing a practical, habitable and sightly lighthouse for the Butterfly picture, "The Silent Lady," in which Zoe Rae is starred, was just an incident in the day's work for the technical department.

Most of the scenes in Elliott J. Clawson's story, which was produced by Elsie Jane Wilson, are laid in and around a lighthouse, kept by three old men, who live there with their housekeeper and the niece of the guardian of the light. Exactly the sort of a light which the script called for could not be found along the coast, so a hurry call was sent to the department to build one. They complied at once, being used to requests for all sorts of things at a moment's notice, and constructed the serviceable lighthouse shown in the picture, with the little house beside it, in which the three old men and the little girl of the story live. In one of the scenes Miss Gretchen Lederer, who plays the title rôle, is seen climbing up to the light to turn it off, so that the ship shall not be able to find its way to the shore. Little Zoe rushes up the stairs after her and turns it on again. The tower had to be

made solid and realistic enough so that these scenes could be filmed. A powerful light was then installed, so that it could be seen turning its light and dark flashes in the picture.

The technical department even remembered to plant small trees and bushes about the doors of the house, to make it look as if the old men had lived there a long time. A paling fence was erected in front, vines and flowers planted, and nothing neglected to add the effect of permanency to the structure, which was erected in double-quick time to serve for a few days' work on a feature play.

This is a striking example of the care and expense to which the management of Butterfly pictures is willing to go in order that realism shall be served.

Zoe Rae, the six-year-old star, has been called "the baby Bernhardt," for she announced more than a year ago that she had taken the famous French tragedienne as her model. Zoe is endowed with the most astonishing power over her emotion—she can tear a passion to tatters with all the abandon of a vampire. Her tears come at a look from the director. She por-

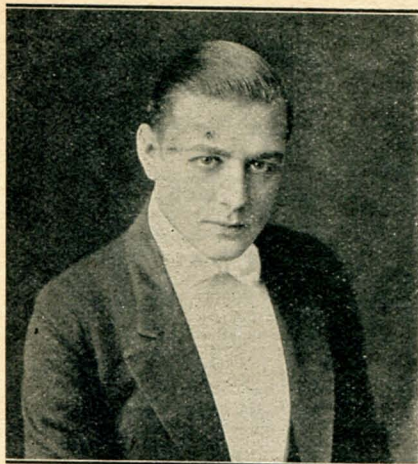
trays terror, disdain, delight and every other human emotion with an uncanny insight, which is pure dramatic instinct, for very often she does not understand the real meaning of the situation in which the photoplay places her. Yet, off the stage this baby is a real child. She laughs and romps, loves her dolls, thinks a night of camping in the woods the finest treat in the world, and her father and mother the greatest people on earth.

Zoe, though considered big enough to be advertised as a star, is so much of a baby that she still loves to play with dolls. As a matter of fact, she is not yet quite seven years old, but her work for the screen is so mature it is hard to imagine her being contented with childish amusements. However, outside the studio Zoe is a real baby. "Santa Claus gave me the biggest doll in the world last Christmas," she said the other day, "and I save all my pennies to buy dresses for her."



The entire "Silent Lady" company under Elsie Jane Wilson's direction.

KENNETH HARLAN'S START



Harlan as society sees him

THE most wonderful experience in all the world is interviewing the young-old parents of famous screen and stage stars.

There is Cyril Maude. He will entertain you for hours and hours with stories of Marjorie. There was the late Jerry Cohan. He loved nothing better than to talk about the famous "Star-Spangled-Bannered" George. There is John Drew, himself a famous son, enthusiastic anent Miss Louise. There is father, Arthur and Grandfather Oscar Hammerstein, justly proud of beautiful and talented daughter and granddaughter Elaine, star of the highly successful Jewel-Ince production, "The Co-respondent." There is Anna Held, with daughter Liane and also Papa Hart and son Neal.

Papa Harlan and son Kenneth, that very promising young leading man, whose talents, good looks and brains make him to-day a figure to be reckoned with in the moving picture world.

Mr. Harlan, Senior, after several S O S telephone calls from the publicity department, breezed into the New York offices of Universal one rainy morning recently, and brought with him a whole bunch of enthusiasm and optimism that instantly dispelled all suggestion of gloom.

Kenneth Harlan was born in Boston twenty-two years ago. He is six feet one, and has expressive blue eyes and an open, thoughtful face. His father

is an Englishman, his mother a Southerner. When he was six years old the family removed to Brooklyn, New York, and—hold your breath—Kenneth was placed in a convent, and there he received his early education.

No aura of the scholar followed him about—rather the reverse of it—and on his very brief holidays at home he put in all of his spare time gesticulating "in costume" before the family mirror. The stage bug which flew into his bonnet over the ivy-covered walls of a convent stuck with the good-looking, likable young man when he joined a regular boy's school in the mountains, where overnight he became the idol of students and faculty and earned for himself, in a very short time, the reputation of the very finest actor that the school had ever harbored.

Shortly after his graduation, Pauline, the wonderful hypnotist, blazed his magic trail across the young man's horizon and he spent all of his spare change and time journeying from Brooklyn to New York, where he might have been found sitting, saucer-eyed and breathless, any afternoon or evening in the small theater where the wonderful "manifestations" were not being made very clear to the all-enraptured spectators. But young Harlan's enthusiasm did not end in merely "spectating." After a short time we find him, for the munificent sum of fifty cents per evening, occupying the glorious position of "assistant" to Pauline—this despite tearful wails and threatening pleas of the entire family. In vain did his father—G. W. Harlan, New York publisher—appeal. In vain was young Harlan placed in the perfectly good publishing and banking establishments of intimates of the family. Only the flicker of the footlights held any interest for him.

With the exodus of the summer boarder, mushroom-like there sprang up overnight dozens of musical comedy and dramatic stock companies, and with one of these young Harlan played many a part. Up in New Britain, Conn., he became a matinée

idol—but no matinée idler—when he essayed, with a very great deal of ability, leading juvenile rôles. He returned to New York shortly after this stock engagement, and with a number of prominent English actors gave benefit performances in the New York Keith houses, where he grabbed off most of the spotlight. Then with Brady's "Way Down East" he scored on tour. There was no acrobatic buffoonery in his work. He brought to it only a sincere desire to learn and to please. When he went on tour with Gertrude Hoffman in the gorgeous spectacle, "Sumurun," as the shiek's son, his work earned encomiums of praise from critics throughout the country. It was in St. Louis that I interviewed Miss Hoffman, with Kenneth Harlan present. Studious and thoughtful, unconscious of his over-share of physical beauty, he was decidedly at that time a quantity to be reckoned with. With T. Roy Barnes he appeared in "See My Lawyer," then played a short engagement with "The Fortune Hunter," "The Boys of Company B," "The Lottery Man" and "The Country Boy." Eva Burrows-Fontaine paid high tribute to the young man's ability when he appeared with her with marked success in vaudeville in New York and on tour.

His first picture was "Betsy's Burglar," a Fine-Arts production, and

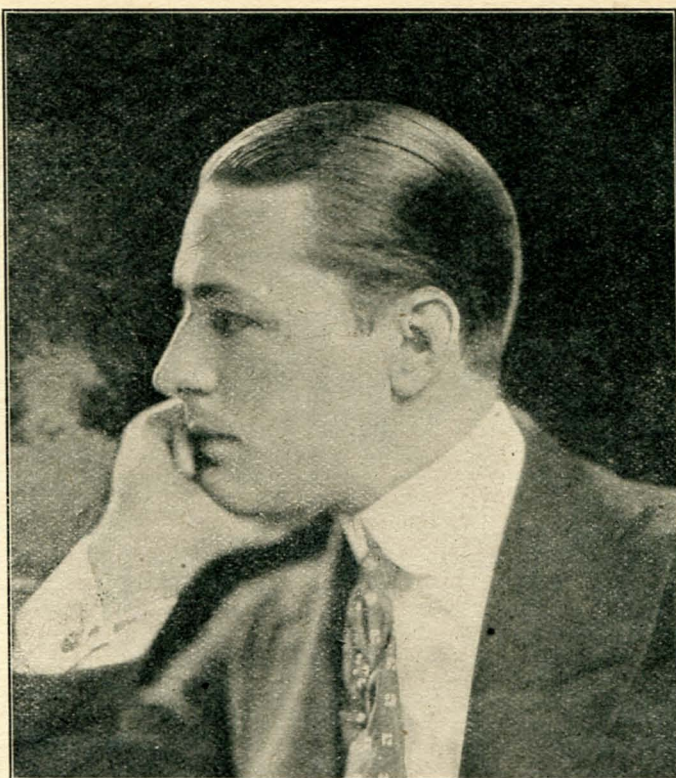


As he appeared in "Sumurun."

with the discontinuance of that company he went with Thomas H. Ince. As the *Stranger* in Dorothy Dalton's picture, "The Flame of the Yukon," Mr. Harlan did some of the finest acting that has so far been brought to any moving picture screen.

When Miss Weber looked about for a male lead for her latest production, "The Price of a Good Time," there was not a single moment's hesitation in her selection of Kenneth Harlan.

"Kenneth went on the stage because he could not keep away from it," said Mr. Harlan, Senior. "The same irresistible impulse drew him before the camera. He has not gone into pictures with any great idea of 'up-lift,' 'radical change' or 'turning the tide o' things,'" continued this justly proud parent; "he has earned everything that has so far come to him absolutely unaided. He has had no one to help him along any of the steps of the thorny or roseate path that leads to success or failure, and it is a matter of great pride in our family now that he has reached his success solely through his own unaided efforts. He writes me that he wants to make for himself a place in



This is the picture his father likes.

pictures, and he is working toward that end day and night. He is not obsessed by any exaggerated idea of his own importance. He would not believe you if you told him he was handsome. He doesn't understand why he should get so many notes from girls. He doesn't care anything at all about flattery or exaggerated com-

pliments. He is a serious, earnest, sincere student of pictures, and that, with his extreme loveliness, coupled with his real manliness, has made for him the place, I feel, that he has secured. We were all opposed to his going on the stage and to his going into pictures. We all feel now a little bit guilty—and a little bit sad—that we did not help him by our encouragement and sympathy a little bit sooner."

And when Mr. Harlan, Senior, sees the work of Mr. Harlan, Junior, when he comes to the screen with beautiful Carmel Myers in the Bluebird super-feature, "The Lash of Power," he is going to be mighty happy in his rightful rôle of justly proud male parent of a film quantity that the motion picture magnates had better keep their shrewd orbs of vision securely fastened upon.

Mr. Harlan's acting is almost flawless in all his plays.

Following "The Lash of Power," in which Kenneth Harlan played a very important rôle, he will be seen in "Molly and I," adapted from Frank R. Adams' novel, and "One Clear Call," adapted from the magazine story of the same name by Larry Evans.

A FEW STUDIO PICK-UPS

Ann Pennington, dainty Paramount star, and première danseuse of the Ziegfeld Follies, having completed "The Antics of Ann" for release by Paramount, will shortly begin work on a new production.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, the renowned producers of the popular Metro-Drew Comedies, sold \$54,000 worth of the Second Liberty Loan Bonds at a booth in a department store in New York City during one afternoon.

Miss June Elvidge is starred alone for the first time in World-Pictures Brady-Made in "The Way of the Strong."

At the Paragon Studio in Fort Lee, Alice Brady is working on her second Select Picture. This is a screen version of Charlotte Brontë's immortal novel, "Jane Eyre." The picture has been splendidly adapted to screen uses and is being directed by Edward Jose. Miss Brady's leading man is Elliot Dexter.

A little thing like an unseasonable snow doesn't drive Little Mary McAlister, six-year-old Essanay star, into her winter clothes. She refused to abandon her half-socks for long ones during a recent snow flurry.

Webster Campbell, the Vitagraph "juvenile" lead, is one of the few actors who can really write a good photoplay. He believes it helps him in his other work. He has had photoplays accepted and produced by several companies.

A SERIAL HEROINE

FATALITY seems to be walking hand in hand with the heroines of Universal serials. It is a dangerous occupation to walk with Fatality. First Marie Walcamp broke her arm in "Liberty," then Priscilla Dean broke hers in "The Gray Ghost," and now, in "The Mystery Ship," which is just starting, Neva Gerber, who plays *Betty Lee*, the beautiful young heroine, has had an attack of appendicitis which kept her from the studio almost four weeks.

Another Universal serial has just been started to follow "The Red Ace" when it finishes. But it would be extremely indiscreet to mention the name of the serial or the name of the heroine, for fear Fatality might grab her, too. Let's hope the rule that three things must happen before a series is finished will obtain in this case.

When Miss Gerber was cast for the rôle of *Betty Lee* in "The Mystery Ship," she had just finished her work in "The Voice on the Wire." Her rôle in that serial was extremely difficult, and required strong emotional acting all of the way, particularly in

the latter episodes. The serial was barely over when she had to start right in selecting costumes for "The Mystery Ship." Whether or not this made her any more susceptible to the attack of appendicitis is neither here nor there. Suffice it to say that she was not through with the first episode of the new serial before she was suddenly stricken, and fell in a faint on the stage. Miss Gerber was taken immediately to the Universal City Hospital, and there restored to consciousness. The doctors there diagnosed the case as appendicitis, and Miss Gerber's own physician was summoned. He removed her to the Clara Barton Hospital in Los Angeles. That very night the case became acute, and an operation had to be performed immediately. Thanks to her strong constitution and the health which follows a life outdoors, the operation, though extremely serious, was successful, and Miss Gerber was soon on the way to recovery. But it was well over three weeks before the doctors would let her undertake any work at the studio, and then it was necessary for her to be very careful. Fortunately, the scenes in which she was needed were on the water, and this helped to restore Miss Gerber to her strong and magnetic self. When the little star returned to her home in Hollywood, where she lives with her mother, a surprise was awaiting her in the shape of a new Victrola and a whole cabinet of the most cheerful music that her mother could pick out. Her mother is firmly of the belief that this music has had a great deal to do with the rapid recovery of her daughter.

Miss Gerber has been with the Universal now for almost



two years, and in that time has played in a number of important productions, including the second *Butterfly*, "Like Wildfire," with Herbert Rawlinson; "The Spindle of Life," with Ben Wilson, and a number of two- and three-reel dramas. Then she made her biggest impression with Universal audiences as the heroine in "The Voice on the Wire" serial, playing opposite Ben Wilson. This established her so firmly that when it was decided to put Ben Wilson in another serial it was unanimously agreed to have Miss Gerber play opposite him again.

In height she is only five feet two inches, and she only weighs 112 pounds; but height and weight are only comparative figures when it comes to the films. She has brown eyes and hair, and her face registers perfectly. In "The Mystery Ship" she has a typical heroine's rôle. As the daughter of *James Lee* she is commanded by her dying father to find a treasure, which was hidden by him under circumstances which seemed to indicate to his partner that he was false to their friendship. In giving her a map, which proved the location of the treasure, he told her of the danger which would beset her path, and in particular warned her to beware of the man with a crescent scar on his right wrist. Betty accepted the parental command with filial obedience, equipped an expedition, and almost the first shot out of the box she saw the man with the crescent scar, and that is how the story begins.

From the moment she sees the scar trouble, like a hungry beast, dogs her every footstep. The poor girl loses her ship, her fiancé, her aunt, her map and the treasure. But what's all that to a serial queen? Why, nothing at all. Serials are made for no other purpose than to harrow up the beautiful heroine's feelings and create a sympathy on the part of an all-too-indulgent audience. The more she loses, the more she gains; and then it makes no matter if she does lose everything, as long as she gains her heart's desire.

There is a tremendous amount of suspense, adventure, mystery and romance in "The Mystery Ship"—enough almost to put over two serials.

Ben Wilson, who co-stars with Miss Gerber, has this to say in regard to this type of photoplay: "Do I believe in serials? Of course I do. I think the popularity of this method of introducing a novel in the best magazines is proof of the universal popularity of the continued story. All the reading world loves mystery, suspense and strong emotion in their reading matter. The 'best-seller' is usually a story constructed on exactly the same principles as the successful serial picture. Apply the same thing to the screen—this explains the drawing power of the serial.





THE SCENARIO WANTED

By A Scenario Editor

ONE woman star who has long realized the great difficulty of procuring suitable material for original and picturesque feature plays, has made a six-months trip to the West Indies, upon her own initiative, with a view to procuring "some-what different" stories for production.

That is the scenario wanted—the "different story." But it isn't necessary to leave America to obtain it—this land is broad and wide enough to supply it, and there are writers who have pigeonholed far better stories for the pictures than are to be found in the West Indies, or elsewhere.

These writers are not beginners, or "butchers, bakers, or candlestick makers," but writers who have "won their spurs" long since in the thankless game, but who have turned to more profitable pursuits.

It was thought at one time, that, as the "game" grew older and worthwhile stories less plentiful, the writer would come to be the "topnotcher" in the business—more important than the director, the star, or any one else connected with picture production; but, owing to peculiar conditions that do not exist in any other business, the writer has not as yet come into his own.

But the capable writer—man or woman—free-lance and essentially a moving picture writer—will not always remain unrecognized and unrewarded. The continuation of the business will compel recognition; producers will be forced to awaken to the fact that they have not corralled all of the writers in this broad land of ours and that there are writers "to the manner born" who can give them the "different" photoplay story.

When the analysis of the moving picture story comes to be written it will be found, in dissecting the conditions that prevail at the present time, that there is too little initiative among producers and too much of a sheep-like ambition to follow the "other fellow."

Hardly has a progressive producer hit upon a story that promises to be a money-maker, than—apparently through some "occult" channel—competitors get a line on it and forthwith

try to beat him to the market. One only needs to read current moving picture history to verify this.

But in this there's a grave mistake being made, as there is in ignoring the great number of "free-lance" writers who only need proper encouragement and reward to provide the "scenario that is wanted"—the different story.

The mistake in ignoring the free-lance writer lies in this—that the contract writer, staff writer, director, star, and whoever else may "take a whack" at writing, cannot fill the demand for "different stories," but the free-lances—and even embryo writers throughout the country—can.

It is curious how the "bug" for writing takes possession of some on the "inside," who because they are in a position to force their script in being accepted, think that their amateurish efforts must be masterpieces.

The boss, who may be a good business man otherwise, who thinks that he can "knock off a story" as well as any one, and may be actuated by either motives of economy or vanity, isn't going to elevate the quality of the output in these days of stiff competition when "the story's the thing."

This failure to properly encourage the free-lance is incomprehensible, in view of the acknowledged dearth of moving picture stories. It may be said that the scenario departments are overburdened with scripts. Perhaps they are, but not from those who are able "to deliver the goods."

Those who have the proper talent to write stories—whether they be "old-timers" or beginners, professionals or novices—do not burden the producers with material, for the simple reason that they very soon find that it "does not pay" to waste their time on moving picture stories—they find better markets elsewhere.

Keeping the bars up against the great number of those who could provide stories that are "different" from the rehashed plays that are exhausting the patience of the public—who could well supply the "scenario that is wanted"—the different story that the public is looking for—is a mistake.

Some producers have boasted that

there is no end of stories to be had; perhaps there are; but if that is the case why are so many indifferent and practically similar stories produced? The circle keeps narrowing—there is danger of a "fade-out" from which it will be rather difficult to recover.

"It is useless to deny the gravity of the picture business in America. The placing of hundreds of inferior pictures along Broadway, charging advanced prices for them, forcing their runs, and deceiving the small exhibitor throughout the United States as to the exact business done—charging them fabulous prices for them—has caused the small exhibitor the loss of thousands of dollars."

Too much of the business is done on the ostrich plan—sticking the head of fact in the sand of self-delusion and believing that the great body of self-evident conditions is hidden from sight.

But not all are playing ostrich; fortunately for the industry. There are producers who are able to see the way the wind blows, who are able to analyze conditions and who are finding the solution by encouraging writers to furnish the scenario that is wanted—the "story that appeals to the whole family"—and they are getting them.

With present day prices of admission patrons are inclined to expect their money's worth—they are becoming more critical. Contrary to the belief of some producers many patrons object to sitting an hour or more in seeing a poor picture run off.

They are not always clamorous for the "thriller"; there are other angles to life than the melodramatic—angles that have not been revealed as yet in pictures; phases of human nature that will please more than the "stunt" effects so much in evidence.

Nor does it need that the telling of simple human-nature stories be tame and uninteresting; in the hands of the true story-teller they can be made as absorbing as a Dickens' tale—and as profitable for the producer as something more pretentious.

Next week, "How Directors Work."

THE ACTRESS ON THE COVER

EDITH ROBERTS, the little leading lady of the Nestor Comedies who plays opposite Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, considers that she is grown up now. She has played blushing bride to Eddie Lyons' bridegroom so often since she left the East studio and went to Universal City that one may excuse her for forgetting how few her years still are in reality. Edith began as an "extra" at the old Imp studio while she was nothing more than a baby, and rose to leads by sheer force of talent and hard work at the age of fourteen. She played many important rôles at the Fort Lee studio, and was selected to go with the large party of Universalites who were moved to the West Coast over a year ago. She was soon appointed leading lady of the Nestor Company, and has made good with her director, with the two stars of the company, Lyons and Moran, and with the public.

In an interview, this precocious comedienne expressed her joy in her work.

"One reason why I am so delighted to be at Universal City, is that there is so much more opportunity for outdoor life here," she said.

"In the East there are long months when we hardly work outside at all, and when sports have to come to an end. But out here the sun has a delightful habit of shining, and games go on all the year around. I was very anxious to be mistress of all the things which may be required of a screen player. This is the habit which I have just had made. It's for use more than beauty, you see—made of corduroy, and as plain as plain can be, but very practical. I like the Tam that goes with it, though I prefer to ride with no hat on at all.

"I'm working at all sports whenever I get the chance—golf and tennis, and water things, swimming, diving and rowing. I adore skating, even roller-skating if there is no available ice, and dancing, too, is fine exercise, though I like outdoor things better. All these things are useful for a screen actress to know."

LATEST NEWS FROM FILMDOM

It has now been decided that "The Land of Promise," starring Billie Burke, will be released by Paramount in December.

George Binns, an old-time Mack Sennett comedian, is again at work and will appear in the comedies Mr. Sennett is producing for Paramount.

George Beban will make a large part of his current photoplay in Northern California. It is a French Canadian story and will be directed by Donald Crisp.

Following his two splendid photoplays, "The Son of His Father" and "His Mother's Boy," Charles Ray, "Ince's Wonder Boy," is completing another Ray comedy-drama entitled "The Hired Man."

William Clifford, who is playing character parts in support of Harold Lockwood in Metro wonderplays, was a Shakesperian actor of no mean reputation prior to his entrance into the field of the silent drama.

Lewis S. Stone is working at the Paralta studios under the direction of David Hartford in a Western feature. Marguerite Clayton is appearing opposite Mr. Stone. Mr. Hartford organized the Pyramid Photoplays, Inc., to exploit Lewis Stone.

Wallace Reid will go to Truckee, California, as soon as the first snows occur to film some of the few remaining scenes in "Nan of Music Mountain," a forthcoming Paramount picture, which are supposed to take place in a blizzard.

Easterners are anxiously awaiting news of a tidal wave or other disaster on the California beaches as a result of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle's threatened plunges into the inoffensive surf. Mr. Arbuckle is expected to begin work actively—as actively as his mammoth proportions will permit—on a new comedy for Paramount, in the immediate future.

Ethel Clayton has John Bowers for leading man in "Easy Money," her current play for World-Pictures Brady-Made.

\$15,000,000 is the sum total raised for the Liberty Loan by Miss Marguerite Clark, star in Paramount Pictures, during her brief stay in Cincinnati, her home town.

Norma Talmadge is working on the third of her series of Select Pictures. This is a screen version of the play by Rupert Hughes, "Two Women," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter starred some time ago.

Emmy Wehlen, exquisite Metro star, was in musical comedy before she entered motion pictures. She was a star of such well-known productions as "The Merry Widow" and "The Dollar Princess" at the Gaiety Theater in London.

The services of Enid Markey are in strong demand. She no sooner finished her work in "Responsibility," in which she is starred by the Fox concern, than she received two good offers and chose the one with the National to be in a big feature they are making.

Several months ago, the Greater Vitagraph Company, through Albert E. Smith, its president, obtained the motion picture rights to all the "Wolfville Tales," those classic short stories by the late Alfred Henry Lewis, and the first two features of the series already have been completed at the Vitagraph Western studio, in Hollywood, California.

William D. Taylor, the Famous-Lasky producer, recently was much surprised to receive a check as his share of the sale of a mining claim. Taylor grub-staked an old prospector whom he had known in Southwest Colorado and had promptly said good-bye to his money. But now he has added to his Liberty bonds and sent the prospector the best compass he could buy.

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